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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. EDEN'S defence of the Government's foreign policy was astute in conception as well as accomplished in delivery. Conscious that many Conservative as well as Labour and Liberal Members were aggravated almost beyond endurance by the continued shams and delays of non-intervention, he promised "appalling frankness," rapped Mussolini over the knuckles for interfering between Germany and Britain and went on to reveal—what should have been no secret to anyone—that much help has been reaching the Spanish Government from Russia to counter the help sent to Franco from Italy and Germany. He said that if Opposition speakers like Dr. Dalton and Mr. Lloyd George really feared that Mussolini intended to make Spain an Italian colony and to undermine British power in the Mediterranean, they must recommend not the opening of the French frontier, but active British intervention in Spain. Good replies were made to Mr. Eden, especially by Mr. Herbert Morrison. Mr. Eden had really himself supplied the best answer to the Government, which has played this particular trick often and dangerously. By refusing to take a clear line when clarity and firmness would retrieve the situation, they prepare for the proud moment when they can turn round upon the Opposition with the retort that clarity and firmness now involve a risk of war. This causes people to forget that in the present instance all that the British and French Governments are asked to do is simply to restore the ordinary rights of the Spanish Government under international law!

More Non-Intervention Talks

The Non-Intervention Sub-committee on Tuesday got a few inches farther in its obstacle race. Mr. Maisky, at Lord Plymouth's request, threw a little more light on the attitude of the Soviet Government. The Soviet Government, said the Ambassador, remains profoundly sceptical of the possibility of non-intervention in the present circumstances, but they will not vote against the British plan; they are willing to see it given a chance. As for belligerent rights, he repeated what he said last week—they are irrelevant to non-intervention; nevertheless the Soviet Government might be prepared to grant them before a hundred per cent. evacuation of

foreigners had taken place, provided a sufficient number were withdrawn. This did not, of course, satisfy the Italians, Germans and Portuguese; but after some argument the matter was left in the air. The chairman's "withdrawal and recognition" plan was approved for submission to the plenary Committee, which is meeting as we write and will no doubt endorse it. And then presumably the Sub-committee will again be wrangling over the old bone of contention—what is to be the effect of the Russian abstention on the belligerent rights question.

Germany's Colonial Claims

The rebuke administered by Mr. Eden to Signor Mussolini for his anniversary day declaration that Germany must regain her rightful place in the African colonial sun was obviously much to Parliament's liking. The Foreign Secretary expressed the feelings of the House when he refused to admit the right of any Government to call on us for a contribution to the solution of the colonial question without showing any evidence of willingness to make a contribution on its own account. After all, Italy got a small slice of Africa for its services to the Allied cause, and the South Tyrol was no bad bargain for the casualties of Caporetto. More important, however, than these Anglo-Italian unamiabilities are the indications that the German Government appears to be contemplating a fresh initiative in the matter of colonies. In a speech at Munich last Friday, General von Epp, head of the Colonial Bureau, referred to "coming action by the Führer," whose nature remains to be seen. If the transfer of selected Mandates is proposed as part of a further genuine attempt at European appeasement and disarmament, the door for discussion should clearly be left open. But the contribution made by Germany in return must be more substantial than mere professions of pacific intentions, and the road to an agreed settlement is not being rendered the easier by the unceasing attempts inspired from the Berlin-Rome axis to provoke anti-French risings in Morocco.

Magnificently Unprepared

The Government's equivocal foreign policy is matched by singular complacency in home affairs. Challenged in the House on Tuesday to state what measures were being concerted to cope with such unemployment as might arise from the diminution of armament activity or a set-back in world trade, Mr. Oliver Stanley was content to echo the Chancellor of the Exchequer and repeat that a world slump was not "imminent." He dismissed the cataclysmic fall in the value of Wall Street securities as "political"—a quite defective analysis of the recession in America—and, though he admitted that conditions in a few industries in this country were deteriorating, he dwelt with self-satisfaction on the continued high level of industrial activity, and minimised the importance of the temporary stimulus given by armament contracts. Nothing in his speech leads one to suppose that the Government has even begun to consider framing a programme of public works to be instituted in the event of a recrudescence of unemployment. We were well placed, Mr. Stanley insisted, to enjoy the full benefits of any coming expansion of international commerce and were guiltless of imposing exchange restrictions on our currency; but on the one point of immediate policy calculated to enlarge foreign trade—a fiscal agreement with the United States—his vague hope that negotiations might soon be "started" confirms the impression that the Government, prisoner of the Ottawa Agreements and obedient to British vested interests in agriculture, automobile manufacturing and the rest, has no intention of facilitating a deal with America.

America Left Guessing

Encouraged by the fact that, after consultations with the President, the Securities and Exchange Commission decided last week to revise the rules for dealing in Wall Street on "margins"—thereby making things easier for the bulls and a little less easy for the bears—capitalist circles in America had begun to hope that Mr. Roosevelt was sufficiently worried by the slump to be ready for concessions to big business. In particular it was hoped that repeal of the taxes on capital gains and undistributed profits might be foreshadowed. At the President's last press conference, however, these hopes were dashed. Mr. Roosevelt referred with marked lack of sympathy to the much advertised troubles of people with plenty of money, spoke of tax revision as a matter of secondary importance, and indicated that his primary objective in framing the Budget and in introducing the Wages and Hours and Agricultural Control Bills would be to boost the purchasing power of that one-third of the nation still "ill-clothed, ill-nourished and ill-housed." The future trend of American politics and the President's attitude, in certain eventualities, to the embryonic Labour Party are discussed by a correspondent in a later page of this issue. For the moment it seems probable that Mr. Roosevelt will preserve a nice balance, moving neither Left nor Right. He has plenty of time in which to watch the jumping of the trade-cyclical cat before the next Presidential election, and he has no opponent of any consequence in sight.

The Radicals Think Twice

The French Radical Congress, after the inevitable skirmishes and snap divisions, decided not to break up the Front Populaire, but only to make a long nose at its Socialist allies. M. Bonnet, who is now the effective leader of the Radical Right wing, is said to have inspired and blessed M. Roche, whose followers took responsibility for the anti-Socialist resolutions passed by a snap vote at an early session of the Congress. This resolution, calling among other things for a revision of the forty-hour week, brought M. Chautemps hurrying back to the meeting. But it was in effect M. Herriot who dominated the later proceedings by his dramatic challenge to the Fascist countries, and succeeded not only in uniting the Congress, but also indirectly in showing the unanswerableness of the case for maintaining the Front Populaire intact. There remains a section of the Radicals which will not be satisfied until it has dragged the party back into coalition with the parties of the Right. But, vocal as this section is, it has against it the main body of Radicals in the south, and these will ultimately be strong enough to determine the party line unless their opponents are prepared to force a split. The French Socialist Congress will doubtless answer demonstration with counter-demonstration; but there can be little doubt that it too will decide to maintain the Front Populaire—though it might prefer to have M. Herriot as leader, especially if a

change of Government could be so managed as to remove M. Bonnet from the Ministry of Finance.

The Basque Children

The House of Lords spent an hour or so on Tuesday in discussing the repatriation of the Basque children. Lord Newton asked whether a petition had not been received, signed by hundreds of parents in Bilbao, asking for their children's return, and why their request should not be acceded to. Other noble Lords supported him with arguments that appeared to be based on nothing but the rankest political prejudice—the same prejudice that has inspired the campaign carried on by certain newspapers against the rescue and maintenance of these unfortunates. There seems to be some question about the authenticity of the Bilbao petition; but nobody doubts that a great many of the parents do want their children back, and a great many of the children themselves are eager to go. It is right that in all the cases where the proper assurances can be got from General Franco they should go, and the British Government, Lord Munster said, are trying to get these assurances. But that is a very different thing from bundling the whole lot out. The majority of the parents are refugees who have fled to Catalonia and are hard to trace. It will obviously take time before their children can be restored to them, and the suggestion that homeless orphans should be dumped into Bilbao is both absurd and inhuman. Many of them will clearly have to stay here and be looked after for the present. It is important that the public should realise that funds are still urgently needed for their maintenance.

The Borough Elections

As far as London is concerned, the Labour Party has good reason to congratulate itself on the results of the municipal elections. It has retained, and generally increased, its majority in the ten metropolitan boroughs in which it gained control three years ago, and has won two more—Lambeth and Hammersmith—making a total of seventeen where it is now in a majority, including the five faithful boroughs which were held even in the débâcle of 1931. The Labour Party has also done fairly well on the whole in the Greater London area, and has come a good deal nearer victory in places where population has been rising rapidly during the past few years. On the other hand, the results in Lancashire are in general remarkably bad; and over the country as a whole, if we except Greater London, there is only a very small net gain of seats. It has, of course, to be borne in mind that the Labour Party was defending a large number of seats won in 1934. But this does not wholly explain the position, for these included many Labour seats which had been lost in 1931. The loss of eight Labour seats in Liverpool, three in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and three in Birmingham are unpleasing commentaries on the electoral optimism at present fashionable in official Labour Party circles. If London were England, the prospects of the party would be bright indeed. But even the sprawling London of to-day is only one-fifth of England in terms of population.

Labour's Municipal Handicap

The election figures have indeed another aspect. In many places the Labour Party is gaining votes without a proportionate gain in seats. This is not only because there are fewer Liberal candidates every year, but also because Labour is becoming organised in areas which have been hitherto unchallenged Tory strongholds, even if they have disguised their municipal politics under non-party labels. A discrepancy in the aggregate results given in different newspapers brings out the interesting point that the inclusion of the smaller boroughs, in which Labour is generally weak, serves to improve its average record; in a number of places of this sort the Labour Party has won an extra seat or two, and there are few offsetting losses. This is an encouraging sign of growing strength in the more backward areas; but it is a long process to translate these little advances into parliamentary victory. It should be added that Monday's abominable weather probably hit Labour on account of its shortage of cars; and that Labour is tremendously handicapped in finding candidates who can afford to serve as councillors, especially where Councils and committees meet in the morning or afternoon, and not in the evening. It is an undoubted fact that the Labour Party could win a good many more seats if more of its better men and women could afford to stand and to serve without serious risk of losing their jobs, or without a greater sacrifice of earnings than they can be expected to incur.

China Appeal

The short phase in which business and humanitarian interests united to urge a boycott on Japan is over, and official approval does not go beyond the Lord Mayor's Fund for China. To administer this Fund, the British Red Cross, the China Association and the Conference of British Missionary Societies have formed a general organisation in China under the presidency of the British Ambassador. This Fund is supported by some of the great British business interests whose capital is endangered by the advance of Japan. About £50,000 has now been collected; £5,000 has been cabled to be spent on the spot, but as there is now difficulty in obtaining in the Far East many of the drugs urgently required, most of the money is being spent in England. Meanwhile, those who wish to combine material relief for China with political pressure for public action against Japan have organised a Joint China Campaign, which is holding meetings all over the country. The object is to inform the public of events in the Far East and their implications, while at the same time collecting money for relief in China. The Committee is closely associated with the representatives of Young China in this country, and its headquarters is the China Institute, 91 Gower Street, W.C.2. The first consignment of drugs and medical stores that left this country for China was despatched under its auspices. It has organised the exhibition of Chinese woodcuts just opened at Constable House, Charlotte Street, W.1, and has already held four large meetings in London. On Saturday night at 7.30 there will be a China demonstration at the Queen's Hall. The Master of Balliol will take the Chair. The speakers include Mr. Noel Baker, M.P., the Dean of Canterbury, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., and four representatives of Young China.

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IS IT PEACE, JEHU?

JAPAN'S "defensive measures" against Chinese "aggression" are now well into their fourth month. The aggression, as all the world knows, was the Nanking Government's refusal to "co-operate" in Japanese plans for the dismembering and enslaving of China. The defensive measures have taken the form of a large-scale offensive on several fronts, of massacres of non-combatants from the air, of wanton attacks on foreigners, of enormous destruction of property. One Japanese army is pounding the Chinese on the outskirts of Shanghai. Others have pushed their way down from the north to the neighbourhood of the Yellow River, to the Mongolian borders and to the heart of Shansi province. Japan is in occupation already, as a result of her defensive measures, of an area of Chinese territory some thousand miles wide and 1,500 miles in depth.

This is the situation which the League of Nations has invited the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty to examine, with a view to finding some peaceable method of ending the conflict. After a delay of something like a month since the invitation was issued, the Conference has assembled this week at Brussels, with nineteen Powers represented at it. Japan, not unnaturally, has declined to attend; but is being urged, we understand, to reconsider her decision. Germany also has refused; Italy has accepted, and has already got to work on behalf of her Japanese friend. The most important Powers at the Conference are, by common consent, Great Britain and the United States. It is with them that the decision rests as to whether any effective results are to be achieved. What results are expected or hoped for? "Mediation," says President Roosevelt, is the prime object of the Conference, and mediation is now the general slogan. Unfortunately, Japan has already said "No" to this; she does not admit the right of other States to interfere in her little private affair with China. But is that refusal to be taken as final? Perhaps not; the Japanese might well be prepared to listen to peace proposals, provided the peace were of the kind that suited them. Nobody, of course, is deluded by the high falutin' nonsense put out by Tokio about "self-defence," the Communist danger and the rest of it. What they want is another slice of the China cake, a large and plummy slice; territorial and economic concessions, a second Manchukuo in the Northern Provinces—and then more.

Is that what "mediation" means? Are the Powers going to frame proposals on those lines? It is hardly credible that Mr. Eden—and even more incredible that Mr. Norman Davis and his colleagues—should have gone to Brussels to concoct another "Hoare-Laval" scheme which would outrage the feelings of every decent-minded man. Nevertheless, the Chinese have a lively fear of it, and some grounds for the fear. Earlier in the year there was a good deal of ominous talk in the Conservative press in this country about Japan's "special interests" in North China—and even sympathetic references to her strategic interests. And, at this moment, at the opening of the Brussels Conference, with the picture of this infamous war spread before the mediators' eyes, there is to be no calling a spade a spade, it seems. At this stage, we are warned, rude and provocative words like "aggression" must be carefully avoided. Such counsels of prudence may be compatible with quite honest intentions; but they can hardly be expected to allay the suspicion and anxiety of the Chinese. No doubt, any proposal for a peace which would be a humiliation and a robbery of China would be instantly rejected by her. The China of the day is a stronger China, more united, better equipped and more determined than the weakling of the past. But there are subtler as well as more potent methods of putting pressure on her than simply presenting a demand that she should sacrifice herself to Japan for the general convenience. China is a debtor country, and must look to the West in the future, as she has looked in the past, for financial and economic support.

But suppose we rule out any attempt at a "dirty deal," what are the prospects of mediation? The only basis of a tolerably honest peace is surely the complete withdrawal of the Japanese forces (and one might add substantial compensation for the material damage that has been done, but for the lessons we have learned of the folly of trying to exact reparations). There is clearly not the faintest chance of Japan consenting to that, emboldened as she is by her present and past successes over the Chinese and the whole pack of Western Powers, whose cowardice in the Manchurian adventure gave her licence to pursue her ambitions. And supposing, then, that the Nine-Power Conference fails to end the war by kindly appeals to the war-maker, is it going to take any other steps to end it? The step which it ought to take—which ought to have been taken long before this—is the imposition of a boycott. There is no question about Japan's vulnerability to economic pressure. The facts and statistics of her financial and commercial position are plain to all the world. Two-thirds of Japan's imports come from three or four sources, the British Empire, the U.S.A., France, Holland and the Dutch Indies, and all the most essential are of British, American and Dutch origin. Of the oil, which she must have to prosecute her war, she can only produce a bare 10 per cent. for herself, from her leased oilfields in Sakhalien. She doubtless has some reserves stored up, but there is good reason to believe that these would cover no more than a few weeks' requirements for war purposes. And there are other essential minerals for which she is but little less dependent on imports from abroad.

If the case for imposing sanctions is overwhelming from an economic standpoint, it is assuredly equally strong on moral grounds, for the upholding of international justice, and the sanctity of treaties, and for stopping the horrors and mischief of war. The sole argument against it is the risk that it would involve. We are told that Japan would immediately make a *casus belli* of it, would blow Hong Kong sky high, and thence go on to attack, destroy or capture other jewels in the British crown. All these fears we believe to be grossly exaggerated. Is it so certain that Japan is ready to defy—and is really superior in her forces to the combined strength of—the United States and Great Britain, together with the backing of the French, the Dutch and other nations? It is the old story of Italy in Abyssinia, of Japan again a few years ago in Manchuria. Historians in the future, when they are describing the inheritance of the earth by the aggressive nations, will note the growing distaste in the democratic and peace-loving countries of our time for taking any risks for peace, the eagerness of statesmen and publicists to portray the

aggressors as invincible lions and their own peoples as defenceless deer.

Nor, as some pretend, is it mere Quixotism to espouse the cause of China in this struggle. China, it is said, is not worth the bones of a British grenadier. How many millions of British soldiers, it might be answered, have laid down their lives in less worthy causes. But that is not the point; we are not proposing to go to war for China, and it is not ideals, but trade, that we are discussing at the moment. It is childish to deny that British interests, and American interests, and the interests of many other countries, are not endangered by Japan's present action in China, and that they will not be still more seriously endangered (if indeed they are not completely wiped out) by her further advance. The great merchant community in Shanghai has already had a hard blow; the Federation of British Industries has been addressing complaints to the Foreign Secretary about this. It has, and it knows it, worse to come if the Japanese advance goes on unchecked. And beyond Shanghai lie Malaya and India and Australia, the Philippines, the French and the Dutch possessions. We may laugh at the dreams of the Japanese who see themselves presently masters of all this empire. But they are dreaming something that they mean. In all the circumstances, therefore, we find it a little difficult to understand the attitude of Conservatives who appear to regard Japanese policy with equanimity.

Mr. Eden announced the other day that "there will be no indifference on the part of the Government where it is clear that vital British interests are concerned." (This, it is true, was in connection with the Mediterranean; but it presumably applies also to the Far East.) And even earlier than this, the *Times* had declared that Japan must "learn that the free hand she desires in Eastern Asia will in no circumstances include licence to play havoc with the lawful interests of Great Britain." Yet it is now pretty clear that neither vital national interests nor the greater interests of humanity, peace and justice are going to move the Powers to any resolute action in the Pacific. The British and the American Governments, on whom, as we have said, everything depends, have been careful to commit themselves to nothing. Each has stressed the necessity of Anglo-American co-operation; each has been in a dither lest it should be expected to take the initiative. Unless, therefore, public opinion here and across the Atlantic can exert a stronger pressure on these timid co-operators, no good thing will come out of Brussels. It is still possible that an abominably bad thing may come, in the shape of peace proposals that would sacrifice China to Japan. That would be a blunder as well as a crime; the betrayal of China is the worst possible way of trying to protect anyone's vital interests.

INDUSTRY—WHERE AND WHY

THE *Times* is not in the habit of going ostentatiously off the deep end, at all events at the expense of respectable and established institutions. But the evidence given on behalf of the Board of Trade before the Commission on the Location of Industry provoked it for once to a refreshing frankness of language. The Government department primarily responsible for industrial policy, it told its readers, had propounded "in a mid-Victorian voice" a "policy of do-nothing which is not only out-moded but is utterly unsuited to the present day," as well as contrary to the policy of active intervention which the Government has been actually pursuing in many fields. Such language, from such a monitor, must have appeared rank treason to the President of the Board of Trade, and perhaps to the civil servants who prepared and presented the official evidence. But few readers of the evidence itself can doubt that it was richly deserved.

For, in effect, the Board of Trade was telling the Commission that, despite appearances to the contrary, all is really for the best in this best of all possible economic systems. If large areas in South Wales and other parts of the country are left derelict even in face of the existing boom; if Greater London is sprawling almost daily over fresh tracts of countryside; if complaints of an acute shortage of labour in some areas coincide with the existence of a large unemployable surplus in others—still, there is nothing whatever to be done about any of these things, because to do anything about them would involve interference with the operation of hallowed economic laws. If Messrs. So-and-So in fact choose to erect a factory in Essex rather than in Glamorgan, that of itself proves that the factory ought to be erected in Essex, and there is nothing more to be said. If Messrs. Such-and-Such choose to shut down their works in Jarrow, and therewith to destroy a large part of the value of houses, shops, streets and public utility services created with a view to serving the needs of the population previously employed there, that of itself proves that the works ought to be shut down, and that these contingent values are not worth saving. Have not the great economists (bless their sacred names) explained how capital is led by a sublime economic law to seek the most profitable outlets, and how what is most profitable for capital must also be most productive of value for the community as a whole? That being so, there is an end of the matter; and the Commission on the Location of Industry had much better suspend its sittings at once, and leave such matters to be settled by the workings of an inscrutable Economic Providence.

"Out-moded" and "mid-Victorian" are certainly not too forcible characterisations of such an attitude. It is no doubt true that, as long as we continue to rely on the capitalist system for getting most goods produced and distributed, we must let those who control the investment of capital enjoy enough opportunities for profit-making to make them willing to risk their resources in employing labour. A Government that sets out to make the capitalist system work cannot follow policies which cause it to forfeit "capitalist confidence"—as more than one Government of the Left has discovered to its undoing in recent years. But it does not follow that the Government must abstain from offering to the capitalists inducements to behave in one way, or deterrents from behaving in another, or that the only road to the securing of capitalist confidence is a rigid policy of non-intervention.

Indeed, whatever views may be held at the Board of Trade, rigid non-intervention is assuredly in many matters very much out of favour nowadays with the capitalists themselves. In one industry after another, they have developed a habit of running to the Government with demands that it shall intervene on their behalf—to give them direct subsidies, to grant them statutory powers to control prices or to coerce recalcitrant minorities, to impose bargaining tariffs in order to help them in their negotiations with foreign rivals, to make discriminating bilateral Trade Agreements on their behalf, to lend them capital or credit on especially favourable terms, or to do any of a dozen other things which blasphemously transgress the laws and precepts of Victorian economics. We are ourselves no great lovers of many of these forms of improvised State intervention. But they exist; and we are quite unable to see why the State, if it must pour out these blessings upon the controllers of capital, must on no account ever ask for any sort of *quid pro quo* by imposing conditions upon its benevolence.

The case for some attempt to influence the location of industry can be stated in quite simple terms. The profits of an individual business are in no way lessened by the losses which it inflicts upon others, save in the indirect sense that

the profitableness of each enterprise is in some degree affected by the collective prosperity of the whole community. Messrs. So-and-So, in considering the rival advantages of Essex and Glamorgan as the home of their new factory, are economically unaffected by the consequences of their decision for anybody except themselves. If, as a consequence of their action, the Government and the Essex County Council are put to large expenses which could be in part avoided by the establishment of their works in an area where the requisite public service facilities exist and are not being used, only a very small fraction of these expenses will fall upon the owners of the new factory, in such a way as to react upon their expectations of profit. From Messrs. So-and-So's point of view such considerations as a rule do not arise, or, if they are as much as thought of, are promptly dismissed as irrelevant to the matter in hand.

It would doubtless be impracticable for the State to order Messrs. So-and-So to set up their new factory in an area where they did not believe it could be made to pay—unless, of course, the State were prepared to subsidise its operations. But there is reason to believe that the motives which induce business men to select one location in preference to another are, to a quite substantial extent, non-economic in a fundamental sense. Business men are apt to prefer living near London to living in Jarrow or in South Wales. They are highly imitative, and inclined to believe that because A and B and C have set up factories in Greater London, therefore D and E and F should do the same. They are disposed to think that their customers will have greater faith in them—and perhaps their bankers, too—if they operate from an address in Hendon or in the Great West Road than if their notepaper calls up associations of bankruptcy and depression. These, it may be argued, are in effect economic considerations, because human psychology is an economic fact. But they are economic considerations of a quite different order from the consideration which determines that, whereas steelworks used to be built in close neighbourhood to coal supplies, it may now, in view of technological changes, be more economic to carry coal to ironstone than ironstone to coal.

It would be the height of folly for the Government to attempt to control the location of industry in opposition to major economic forces of this latter type—though even in this field there may be a case for doing something to influence the pace of industrial migration. But the position is not at all the same where the basis of supposed economic advantage is really psychological. For it cannot be sound economics, except for unanswerable technical reasons, to let large tracts of the country, at present densely populated and containing large investments of public and private capital, become derelict, or to incur the loss of the productive power of the large sections of the inhabitants who will not, in practice, be able to migrate to other areas, or to find alternative forms of employment. It cannot be sound economics, even apart from the manifest social disadvantages and the mass of human suffering that such a course must plainly involve. There is a strong economic case, as well as an overwhelmingly strong social case, for active intervention to prevent the psychological forces from exaggerating to a vast extent the influence of those forces which rest on a real technological foundation.

But what, it may be asked, can the Government be expected to do, beyond what it is doing already? Is it not already providing and equipping Trading Estates, and offering little inducements to industry to settle in areas where there are unemployed resources, instead of crowding into areas where further pressure is bound before long to lead to increasing costs? No one can pretend that the problem is easy to solve; but it is plainly insoluble along the lines which are being followed at present. For the existing policy is chiefly designed to encourage small firms to come and settle in the depressed areas; but the small firm, especially where it is designed to produce mainly for a local market, stands to gain most from proximity to an already prosperous consuming public, whereas a larger concern, producing for a nation-wide market or perhaps for export, has far more freedom to select its location without caring greatly about the riches or poverty of its particular consumers who happen to live near at hand. The policy of encouraging small businesses to settle in the depressed areas is not wrong; as far as it can be effective it is to the good. But it is the path of greatest resistance; it involves a large expenditure of energy for a necessarily meagre result. The depressed areas need new large-scale industries to replace their old basic industries which have sunk into a decline. Their ills cannot be cured by persuading them to take a rather more of their own washing. For this reason the problem cannot be solved without major reorganisations, or comprehensive planning extending to the great mass-producing industries, old and new. It requires not merely the peripheral addition of minor forms of employment, but the finding of a new basis for the economic life of whole areas which have lost their previous means of living.

It is in this spirit that the Commission on the Location of Industry must face its problems, if it is to be more than yet another device for evading the real issue. A Government which by extensive public expenditure and a policy of cheap money, as well as by a whole host of tariffs, quotas, trade bargains, subsidies, and marketing schemes, to say nothing of orders for armaments, is enabling a wide range of industries to hand out high dividends to their shareholders is in an excellent position for demanding a *quid pro quo*, without any real risk of undermining "capitalist confidence." And the social reasons why it should make such a demand, even if little has been said of them in this article, are certainly not less cogent than the economic. The growth of Greater London is socially, an unmitigated nuisance; the decline of South Wales and the North is a social disaster of the first magnitude. And now, while Government action is swelling profits, is by far the easiest time to find remedies for these admitted and intolerable evils.

A LONDON DIARY

IF you see a blatant red, white and blue booklet on the bookstalls this week-end it will probably be *This England*, published by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and illustrated by Low. I like the impudence of the cover. Col. Blimp takes the place of Britannia with trident and shield, the waves dimpling in well regulated ranks right up to his bare toes, which coyly peep from the folds of his immense bath-towel. This shillingsworth consists of selections from *This England* with occasional irreverent illustrations by Low, classified under such general headings as Merrie England, the Bench, Sport, and You Have Been Warned. It is quite astonishing how often Col. Blimp's manly tones resound throughout the book. Nobody else but he would assert with such certainty that foxes love being hunted, that all foreigners daily thank God for England (Low shows Hitler and Mussolini kneeling side by side); nobody else would be so sure that the bombing in Shanghai only became interesting when we heard that English people were killed. I think I can detect Blimp's outlook in the remark that "when our sovereign was born he was given among many qualities the rare boon of youth"; certainly no one but Blimp would assert that all is well in Spain because General Franco "is a keen golfer with a handicap of 2," or that President Roosevelt's speech:

> might have been made by Shelley—had Shelley been of more robust, practical frame, and a modern American statesman.

Every now and again I come upon one of these quotations which is not obviously by Blimp. I think he wrote the *Evening News* leading article that said:

> we know it to be untrue either that population begets prosperity or that prosperity begets population. Actually the opposite is true, though there is no reason why it should be.

But was it Blimp who wrote to the papers to ask whether his inability "to overcome the sex impulse" was due to catarrh? Would Blimp have asked a question like that? He would

carcely write to say how much he loved swaying in the treetops n the dead of night, or that :

> much as we all admired—almost worshipped—King Edward VIII as Prince and King, it was well known that he was not personally a philatelist.

Sometimes it is clearly Mrs. Blimp who is speaking. It was he who warned people who go to sherry parties to finish what s in their glasses lest it should "go away to be drunk in the antry by somebody who, perhaps, has not taken it before, or as not acquired the taste." One day I suggested to Low hat he ought to make a new game of Happy English Families. ut he protested indignantly that Blimp was enough, indeed hat he was all-inclusive. After looking through *This England* am inclined to agree with him, provided that I may also ave a Mrs. Blimp, a Master Blimp and a little Miss Blimp, ho, I think, has recently gone all gooey, taken up "the occult" nd bought "quite unique kittens born during the Coronation rocession."

* * *

The other day Dr. Schacht told a foreign press representative hat he had left the Ministry of Economic Affairs. Immediately fterwards we were told that Dr. Schacht had patched up his difficulties with the Cabinet and was to remain in control of he Reichsbank and at the Ministry. I have heard from a precisely informed source the details of the struggle behind hese announcements. Schacht is the only guarantee the foreign capitalist has that Germany is prepared in any way t all to continue the game of international capitalism. Hence is strength and the chance he has had to keep Germany from he open smash which he and the foreign capitalist fear if the "radical Nazis" get control. Last year Dr. Schacht, fearing nflation, began to impose drastic economies on all Government departments. At the end of February, 1937, he estimated that ll public expenditure had been reduced by more than 10 per cent. When he tried to economise on arms expenditure (greatly increased as a result of disappointment at the performance of German war materials in Spain) he naturally met with the most violent resistance, but in the fight that followed lost his battle with the civil and party authorities which had previously supported him. The result was that Göring, in charge of raw materials, was able to defeat Schacht in one battle after another and Schacht was even too weak to prevent Darré's sensational decrees requisitioning the whole of the grain crop for the Government and moving on to what Dr. Schacht in a Hamburg speech called the "bolshevisation" of agriculture. Things came to a head with Göring's determination to develop Germany's low grade iron ore, followed by the establishment of the Hermann Göring Iron and Steel Co. with powers which seemed to threaten absorption of all the privately owned section of the industry. Schacht offered his resignation to Hitler both as Minister of Economics and as President of the Reichsbank. The Führer tried to persuade him to maintain his position *de jure* in order to keep up appearances abroad. Schacht refused and waited nearly two months for Hitler to change his mind. Then he tried to force Hitler's hand by informing the foreign press. Hitler, it seems, is still unmoved and will not let him resign or, on the other hand, let him have his way against Göring, whose policy apparently is to make the whole of German economy completely subservient to military control.

* * *

I congratulate Mr. Morrison and the Executive of the London Labour Party on the forcible memorandum that they have issued for distribution after the elections to all Labour members of the Metropolitan Borough Councils. They roundly inform Labour councillors that they must not listen to any application for a job made to them personally, but insist that it should be made to the appropriate officer and dealt with in committee, that "any contractors who have or may have business with the Council . . . should be kept beyond arm's length." In these and other ways, Labour members are told that a "Labour Council's administration shall not only be above board, but shall be fully recognised as such by the public at large." I am delighted to see the initiative taken in this matter. The boast that the British public service is above all back-scratching and nepotism (let alone corruption) is a bad joke when applied to local government. If it is in general true of the national Civil Service, that is because the whole patronage system of appointment was swept away in the middle of the last century. We shall never get a proper local civil service until it, too, is appointed purely by merit, but I am glad to see that the Labour Party has taken the initiative in a matter which is at present discreditable to all political parties alike.

* * *

Twenty-one years ago Mr. Lloyd George was responsible for the experiment whereby the State purchased the liquor trade in Carlisle. Writing in celebration of the occasion last week, he remarked with excellent, but I think for once unconscious, wit that the experiment had "shown itself the most satisfactory method of maintaining liberty without licence." The remark is substantially though not literally true. I asked a Scotsman who is often in Carlisle about the pubs there. He grew lyrical about them. Carlisle, he said, offered a complete answer to those who opposed State ownership of alcohol. There was, he said, only one reason why the experiment was not extended all over the country. The reason? The brewers, of course. Another point occurs to me. Why do we hear even in Socialist propaganda so little about Carlisle? Boosting the Carlisle system should not be left to temperance advocates (some of whom would put a cat off drinking cream if they said the cream was good), but to Socialists who can properly claim it as an example of public ownership which has had immediately good economic and moral results.

* * *

On October 20th the *News Chronicle* reviewed Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *To Have and Have Not*. It observed of this work :

> It is enough to make a cat laugh ; alternatively it is enough to make the angels weep. . . . The nobility and the pathos [of *Farewell to Arms*] are now gone ; and Mr. Hemingway frenziedly lashes on the sound and fury. . . . There is no coarseness, no brutal sensuality to which he will not descend. . . . He is now feverishly educating himself into the kindergarten.

On October 30th the same paper announced that "Ernest Hemingway is a great writer" and that his novel, *To Have and Have Not*, would be serialised this week in the *News Chronicle*.

* * *

And, talking of passages, what about this for purpleness? It comes from a new novel called *Screened*, published by John Murray, p. 46 :

> Still absently, though with something of the debonair *dégagéness* of a hair-trigger, Ford replied . . .

* * *

The neatest comment on Monday's debate :

> In Eden's garden to the last
> Creep neither fears nor doubts—
> His Spanish olives withering fast,
> He hopes for Brussels sprouts.

CRITIC

AMERICA'S POLITICAL ALIGNMENT

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN THE U.S.A.]

THE problems of American politics to-day arise out of the fact that political forms do not correspond to changing lines of economic power. A political crisis is coming to a head. The New Deal is being sabotaged by a majority of the Democrats in Congress and the question of reaction or reform is tied up with the attempt to modify the Supreme Court. The middle classes have been slowly turned, since the Steel Strike, against the advancing legions of organised industrial labour, and recent revelations about the activities of German

and Italian Fascist organisations in America have been serious enough to call for angry comment by the Secretary of State. Roosevelt has recognised the growing feeling that strikes must be controlled by crying " a plague on both your houses " to labour and capital. Lewis has made it clear that Labour, strong enough to influence but not to dominate the Democratic Party, is not satisfied with the legislative record of Congress and is fearful lest battles won on the industrial front may be lost on the political. Out of this situation talk of a third party naturally arises, and this autumn will see the first attempt to organise all the progressive parties, state and national, in one national party machine. There are few who expect that a third party will emerge before 1944; the immediate struggle will be for control of the Democratic Party in 1940. Will Roosevelt rally his forces and lose only the diehards? Or will he be defeated and throw in his lot with Labour? If he won, Labour would join him or his successor in a third New Deal. If he lost, then he might throw his weight behind a Third Party movement which would probably have to face a coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans. If this were to be the line of development a third party would not necessarily mean a break with the two party system or a change to parties in the British sense. It would mean an alignment of " progressive " forces within one party machine.

In the struggle for control of the Democratic Party what happens to organised Labour between now and 1940 is obviously of supreme importance. Looked at from the point of view of the Committee for Industrial Organisation, Labour has three obstacles to overcome. To heal the breach within its own ranks between the industrial unions of the C.I.O. and the craft unions of the American Federation of Labour is the first condition of economic and therefore of political influence. The next step must be to win the farm vote. It is the very success of organised labour which has precipitated the danger of a political vacuum in agriculture. There are roughly as many unorganised farmers as there are organised workers; the one could neutralise the other. Labour cannot ultimately survive unless the farmers are organised against the same enemies. The third obstacle to be overcome is the potential hostility of a middle class which is hysterical and politically backward. The C.I.O. is undertaking these tasks. Its leaders, believing firmly that political power cannot safely be extended beyond economic power, are seeking influence, like any other " pressure group," within the existing machinery, in order to consolidate their economic gains. For this purpose Roosevelt is the most adaptable ally; indeed, the fates of John L. Lewis and Roosevelt are bound up together. The C.I.O. is already strong enough to make it impossible for Roosevelt to heal the breach in the Democratic Party by sacrificing social legislation. But his power to prohibit the right to strike of all engaged in Government service means that he can still curb the growth of Labour and prevent it from completely dominating the Democratic Party.

Since the breakdown of the " peace conference " on October 27th, the possibilities of union between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. are remote. It is true that Lewis is now working with men whom he drove into the wilderness only a few years ago and that he is capable of compromise; it is true that the political front in the Labour Non-Partisan League is still unbroken, and that feeling between the rank and file does not reflect the bitterness between the leaders. But the struggle in the economic field is developing in depth and scope. The A.F. of L. is appealing to the law to protect itself from the inroads of industrial unionism, in some cases it is assuming the role of strike-breaker, as in the Cleveland strike of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, and employers are quick to recognise the virtues of craft unions. In some cases hired thugs have been sent to " beat up " the local leaders of the C.I.O. But one cannot attend a meeting of the C.I.O. without feeling that the future is with it, especially now that it numbers three and three-quarter millions to the three and a quarter millions of its rival. The C.I.O. holds the initiative; unless something unforeseen should happen it will dominate the scene by sheer weight of numbers. In the meantime it is outflanking the A.F. of L. by broadening its economic and political bases.

The C.I.O. leaders are keenly aware of the importance of the farm vote, and they are already organising the agricultural workers of the south. The recent case of the Hershey dispute, in which farmers were organised by employers to break a strike, is sufficient to illustrate the possible consequences of lack of unity between farmer and worker. The term " farmer " includes various economic levels. Three and a quarter million farm families produce only one-eighth of the agricultural products entering the market. In other words, one-half of the farming population is almost starving, for it receives neither doles nor relief. The New Deal does benefit, however, the other three and a quarter million farmers who produce seven-eighths of the agricultural goods. It is in the latter that organised labour is interested, for the C.I.O., like the A.F. of L., neglects both the agricultural and industrial unemployed. But at present hardly any farmers are organised. The Farmers' Union, the Farmers' Holiday Association, the Share Croppers' Union and Southern Farm Tenants' Union do not include more than 250,000 dues-paying members altogether. Certainly no single farm programme has been drawn up to meet the needs of owners, tenants, labourers and farm co-operatives, nor does any organisation include them all. The question therefore arises to which section of the farmers to appeal—the viciously exploited tenants of the south and west, or the more independent owner-operators and substantial tenants of the middle and north-west?

The key to the farm vote lies in the middle west, but more especially in the north central part including the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. This area is the storm centre of America to-day; it has always been politically the most progressive. The condition of the agricultural labourer and the exploited tenant in the south will not change rapidly; it is the once independent farmer of the middle west, whose economic condition has been depressed, who might be won for labour or turned against it. The nature of his allegiance is of vital importance for the C.I.O., whose leaders, alarmed at the well-planned campaign which organised capital is making through the press, radio and farmers' leaders to capture farm opinion are afraid that the farmers of this area might easily become the backbone of Fascism. This is no exaggeration. The farmer is affected by strikes in almost any industry, and particularly by rising costs of manufactured goods. It is difficult to explain to him his unity of interest with the worker. He is a potential weapon in the hands of capitalists for the smashing up of labour unions. Hence the importance of the one political organisation in the U.S.A. which combines the forces of farmers and workers.

A Farmer-Labour party has been in existence in Minnesota for two decades. In the bitter class struggles of this State, especially in the truck drivers strikes in Minneapolis, the farmers supported the fight for unionisation. Two successive Farmer-Labour Governors, though not in complete control of the Legislature, have sympathised with farmers and workers in their common struggle against monopoly and finance capital. Here is a germ which some think might provide the leaven for a third party; here is the farm leadership which can restore the equilibrium now that the organisation of labour has upset the balance; here in the most politically conscious section of the key agricultural areas the battle is already won. The idea is attractive and the movement is under way. Farm leaders, such as John Bosch, President of the Farmers' Holiday Association, the La Follettes and certain Congressmen, are fully aware of the situation and their responsibilities. Here are some of the best brains in the Labour movement. The plan of campaign is designed to avoid the difficulties arising out of the differing economic conditions of farmers by organisation on a regional basis. The agricultural labourers of the south and west are being left to the C.I.O., which has already started work on this problem, while Farm-Labour parties will take care of the middle and north-west. These parties will in some cases work indepen-

dently, in others take control of the Democratic or Republican machines, but all will be bound together in a national Farmer-Labour organisation which will include the C.I.O., whose leaders are already emphasising the unity of interest between farmer and worker. Such a combination of forces would be a firm economic base for a third party, but would it be progressive?

In America it is essential to capture not only the national but also the state governments. In a country of this size regional interests are necessary and inevitable; it is difficult therefore for parties to develop on the British models as the ruling class is hopelessly divided in principle and interest. The presence of the negro, for example, presents the same kind of problems as would arise if India were telescoped into England. The Lancashire textile manufacturer (like the New England manufacturer), would find it difficult to combine with his competitor in India (like the competitor in the southern states) if he were in the same country. Parties in the U.S.A. tend to be machines through which various interests can achieve their ends. A Farmer-Labour combination would change American politics by providing an effective Opposition; it might even develop a political philosophy, but the variety of conditions and the reality of regional differences and interests make a homogeneous "party" practically impossible to achieve. No purely "progressive" or "socialist" party has ever come near to power; such groups will now be swept into the Farmer-Labour combination. The terms that these radical parties can make with organised Labour will decide how "progressive" will be the Third Party. But the deciding factor will be the reaction of the middle classes.

Those who are afraid of Fascism in the U.S.A. emphasise the dangers of this enormous group whose economic roots are so insecure and shifting. They see in it the social base for a Fascist movement, and if economic conditions became bad enough the American middle class is well enough organised to perform this role. While many American progressive and Labour leaders have no illusions about the role of labour movements in times of crisis, and although they realise that the C.I.O. is by no means anti-capitalist and the Farmer-Labour psychology merely that of an impoverished middle class in revolt against monopolistic trends in their most obvious forms, they are compelled to throw in their forces with those of organised farmers and workers as the only effective weapon against Fascism. It is a thin shield, and the vast army of unorganised unemployed is further ammunition for the slings of the enemy. But such as it is the shield must be used, for in the present situation there are few progressive Americans who care to take a longer view than the fate of the Democratic Party in the election of 1940.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Oswald Shuffrey.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Unofficially, certain boys let off crackers and rockets from the grounds, presumably another instance of the adventurous spirit of which the School boasts. The Headmaster was delighted. The Captain of the School and other prefects called for cheers; the National Anthem was sung and Bloxham entered on another period of adventure.—*Sunday Times.*

Book lovers will welcome the announcement to-day of a wonderful new *Daily Express* offer—an offer that will make publishing history. It is a complete fiction library of six novels, by six of the world's outstanding writers—H. G. Wells, Eden Phillpotts, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Frank Vosper, J. J. Bell and David Whitelaw.—*Daily Express.*

The detectives have travelled 5,000 miles in the last few days. They have visited towns as far apart as Oxford, Reading, and Bournemouth.—*News of the World.*

Atticus should have no politics, and therefore it is merely as an observer and not as a politician that he remarks that there is something impressive about the Conservative Party *en masse*. There is an indestructible atmosphere, a solidity which gives the comfort of permanency to the troubled mind. There is also a magnificence which survives in an age when sombreness is counted a virtue. I liked the tiaras and the medals and the sashes and the uniforms.—Atticus in *Sunday Times.*

It was recommended that members supply the Clerk with the necessary evidence of the fouling of footways by dogs if and when available and that pending the obtaining of such evidence, the County Council be asked to defer the question of making a bye-law for the prevention of the nuisance.—*Newquay Express.*

Armaments are a tangible representation of our will to peace.—From front page leader of *National Message* (Journal of the British Israelites).

The water supply for the district is provided by the municipally owned Falmouth Water Company.

On Monday, Mr. Gerald Cox, the manager, stated that though the water had been bad both in smell and taste, it had been perfectly fit for drinking and other purposes.—*Cornish Echo.*

Ten Commandments written on a Cactus! Many men have found fame by employing unusual media for writing, and among them should be numbered Mr. E. Porter, of Northfleet, near Gravesend, who has written the Ten Commandments on the leaves of a giant "prickly pear" cactus.

A 72-year-old gardener, well-known in Kent as an expert cactus-grower, Mr. Porter found these "sign-writings" a good way of combining his hobbies of cactus-growing and curio-collecting.

The Ten Commandments took over two months to complete, and on one occasion it toppled over and Mr. Porter was stabbed by about twenty two-inch spikes.

In this way he has commemorated many national events, such as the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and a special Coronation trophy, giving details of the Royal Family's lineage, and surmounted by a small Union Jack, may be seen in his front garden.—Letter in *News Review.*

THE MEDICAL CORNUCOPIA

LONDON'S yearly Medical Exhibition is over. The public was kept out and very careful distribution ensured that tickets reached the profession only. What is there to report to the layman? New surgical instruments? Plastic modelling of deformed faces? The boon of the latest anaesthetic technique? The now famous drug against certain bacteria?

All this has already been shouted by the daily press. One thing has not reached the public ear through such large megaphones. This is the distressing, heavy atmosphere of rivalry and commercialism found with the exhibits. Scientific pride and competition, medical worth—yes, to be sure, these are well to the fore. But behind them lies the spirit of "putting it across" to the doctor, the strain of catching him before the other firm gets there. This is hard work and few methods are rejected as long as they can be paraded under the mask of good-will.

Some examples can be given. One display is that of an extremely good product whose buildings happen to overlook the Thames. The stand attendant, meeting two visitors for the first time, has, in less than a minute, taken their names for "free clinical samples," adding: "And, gentlemen, shall we say tickets to see the Boat Race? Two each? Oh, if you cannot come yourselves we shall be only too pleased if you pass them on to colleagues."

Two bottles of mouthwash are issued from one stand. At the next the attendant demonstrates a well-established symptomatic treatment for colds. "May I give you a new packing of X——? Four neat little bottles in a handsome case, with special tubes. It will look very nice on the old consulting desk, doctor."

Almost every pharmaceutical house showers its products on the profession. The merest look of inquiry at a display brings

an invitation to sign up for full literature and samples. The inevitable " May we send you specimens ? " comes even when the doctor is standing with his back to the exhibit. Moreover, there is an immediate offer of a pocket ruler, pencil, calendar, engagement book or diary. No discrimination is made as to whom these gifts are presented. Baby foods, contraceptives, gland extracts, surgical aids, biscuits and beverages are heaped on the doctor. The medical cornucopia is inexhaustible. The visitor acquires bulging pockets and leaves stacks of cards bearing his name and address behind him.

The " scientific visit to the factory " is another delicately masked way of winning the prospective customer. One firm, for instance, invited a party of London students to Somerset by special train. The journey there and back, charabanc transport, drinks on the trips, excellent lunch and tea paid for the goodwill of these future doctors.

A German drug firm of international reputation keeps a special bureau whose business it is to discover the arrival of foreign doctors to the country. It was in this way that a party of English medical men were invited this summer to stay overnight in one town so that they could be shown the laboratories. Hotel fees, superb meals, tour of the town sights were included in the hospitality offered. This same firm one day had two thousand doctors and their wives to be entertained in the factory grounds.

Now the system of testing the drug first at the producer's expense is an extremely sensible and valuable one, and should by no means be given up. The medical man is very conservative and it is only fair that he should be able to make his own personal tests of any new item on the market and not have to rely solely on the manufacturer's laboratory reports or on his medical journals. In certain cases too, it is of importance for the doctor to have an idea of conditions under which his drugs are manufactured.

This is no excuse for the orgy of advertising generosity shown by distributors. In many cases rival firms are merely issuing identical products. So many units of standardised vitamin, so many grains of pure chemical, so much prepared insulin are all the same whatever their brand. This then is the drug-house's greatest problem : to splash its name before the doctor and keep it in his mind. Best returns will be given by petty appeals to vanity. The most conscientious practitioner, being human, will be biased towards the name he associates most with memories of gifts and hospitality.

Every registered practitioner receives yearly his supply of publicity diaries, monthly numerous privately published journals (with binding cases), and daily his stock of samples, bottles, packets, literature, blotters, pocket torches and pencils. He can brush his teeth, shave his chin, make his records, examine his patients, and keep abreast of discoveries all at the expense of his clamouring servants, the pharmaceutical producers.

One doctor quite recently had to write to the commercial manager of each firm asking to have his name removed from their list. In a letter to *The Lancet* he explained how intolerable this burden of unwelcome correspondence had become and threatened that in future to return all of it, unstamped, to the senders.

London's most famous nursing home is an example of what is happening all over the country. Here hundred sample tablets of a famous and well-known analgesic find their way into the waste-paper baskets, to be picked up by the cleaners. At the chemist's the public has to pay one shilling for ten of these tablets. The public has to pay. The phrase needs repeating. Certainly doctors lose nothing, except perhaps some time. The big firms obviously make their profits as a glance round splendidly equipped showrooms, research laboratories and marble inlaid buildings can show. Expenses are covered by the paying patient every time. In the matter of drugs he has no choice, no escape from high prices caused by the pomp, publicity and anxious competition which keeps a dozen identical rivals on the market.

The laboratories of the different drug houses are doing extraordinarily valuable work. One can hardly stress enough the importance of the constant research that is carried on by their scientists. The pity of it is that once the drug has left the laboratory, once it has found its way into retail boxes and bottles, it is no longer scientifically handled. It has been adopted by publicity agents, salesmen and business men.

The genuine spirit of medicine can be preserved only if those who discovered the drug have some control over its distribution. Instead of being a paid servant the research worker should have the power to see that his productions are marketed with the same regard to science that created them.

A. S. P.

THE TYPICAL ENGLISHMAN

THE peoples of nearly all civilised countries have become increasingly interested for some time past in what the peoples of other countries think about them. There was probably never an age in which the nations set so much store by foreign opinion. Compliments from strangers are swallowed gluttonously. Criticisms from strangers are resented as the outcome of malice or stupidity. And yet a stranger's opinion of a country has not necessarily any more value than a native's. Speaking to natives, he does not as a rule even tell the truth, or, at least, he does not tell it unvarnished. He is like the touring actor who, when called before the curtain for a speech, always declares that the particular provincial town in which he happens to be speaking surpasses all others in intelligent appreciation of the drama and in warm-hearted enthusiasm, or like the statesman who, as he changed from constituency to constituency, invariably assured the electors that it was a regiment recruited from their part of the country that at the most critical moment of the War saved the cause of the Allies. Lies of this kind give pleasure and make the strangers who tell them popular. What would one think of an actor who boldly came out on the stage and declared that of all the cities he had visited one's native city was the stupidest, the most humourless and the most inartistic ? I for one could never forgive him.

Even people who dislike many of their fellow-citizens or fellow-countrymen cannot endure dispraise of the place of their birth. They will say among themselves : " The place is rotten with graft," and will yet expect the stranger in his generalisation to mention only their rugged honesty. They appreciate compliments to their women, compliments to their manners, compliments to their modesty. Englishmen have chosen as their national type the rather hot-tempered-looking and unintelligent character of John Bull ; but, if a foreigner gave it as his opinion that the typical Englishman is a sour-natured clodhopper, they would laugh him to scorn, secretly feeling a little wounded at his folly. As no one has ever been able to discover what a typical Englishman or Frenchman or German is like, it is a wise rule for the foreigner to make his generalisations complimentary rather than insulting. They will be equally true in either case.

And yet it is clear that masses of human beings, like masses of sheep or geese, have some characteristics in common—have striking resemblances as well as striking differences that catch the stranger's eye. The Englishman who does not know Japan intimately sees more resemblances than differences in the Japanese people. He is like the townsman who sees only the resemblances in a flock of sheep, where the farmer sees in every sheep the differences that give it individuality. It is often said of a man that he can't see the wood for the trees, and this may be the drawback of too intimate knowledge. It is possible, therefore, that a foreigner is in a better position to generalise about the people of a country than a native. He is more aware of the wood. He sees the type where the native is more likely to notice the individual.

A very readable book, *Those English* ! * has just appeared in

* *Those English.* By Kurt von Stutterheim. Sidgwick & Jackson. 10*s.* 6*d.*

which an exceptionally intelligent foreigner, Herr Kurt von Stutterheim, London Correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, generalises agreeably about the English. His book was written, not in order to hold up a mirror to the English themselves, but to interpret them to the German people; and the interpretation is as friendly as any Englishman has the right to ask. After all, what could be more palatable than: "In truth the inhabitants of this island are one of the wonders of the world"? To this German observer, the conquering Englishman seems to owe his achievement in the world to a combination of the knight's sword with the merchant's quill—to "courage, joy in danger, and the most cold-blooded bargaining." "No Englishman," he explains, remembering the merchant's quill, "carries quixotry so far as to forget his cheque book, but hardly one is too stolid to break out once in a while. People with mild, sheep-like faces will suddenly elope with a pretty chorus girl, or set out to tramp through the Gobi desert on foot." I am not sure that the man with the mild, sheep-like face who elopes with a chorus girl is in all cases a disciple of Don Quixote, but that, at least, is how the Englishman appears in the eyes of a kindly stranger.

Besides his quixotry and his grip on the cheque book, the Englishman is set apart from other peoples by his self-confidence. "English education," says our observer, "is primarily an education in self-confidence, without which no one can exist in this island and which seems to be lacking in hardly any Englishman." That is certainly a compliment worth receiving, especially in these days in which nerve specialists and authors of books about strengthening the will are suggesting that masses of English men and women are suffering from an inferiority complex, self-distrust, vacillation and all sorts of neuroses. Herr von Stutterheim retorts to them that, on the contrary, without self-confidence "no one can exist in this island." And the secret of English self-confidence is this. The Englishman "avoids loading his own brains, and especially those of his children, with more knowledge than is compatible with decisiveness. He discovered early that excessive cultivation of the intellect is destructive of personality unless character acts as a counterpoise." So that there is something to be said after all for the ordinary Englishman's refusal to have anything to do with "any man or woman who does not conceal his or her intellectual interests or erudition as though they were something to be apologised for."

Politeness is another quality in which the Englishman, despite the traditional view of him, excels. The visitor is "in a perpetual state of wonder at English politeness, which is found in all classes and which survives tests that would lead to swearing and personalities on the Continent." And the politeness is accompanied by kindliness. "If ever," Herr von Stutterheim neatly remarks, "an Englishman can lend a helping hand without putting himself to too great trouble, he is always ready to do so." There is the basis of a subtle character sketch in that sentence.

Next comes the sense of humour, for which all peoples love to be praised. "Humour is the Englishman's fundamental attitude to life, and because it is a part of his nature he never loses it. . . . Among the defects that the naturally lenient Englishman cannot forgive, bad manners and the lack of a sense of humour take first place. No one who cannot laugh is taken seriously in England." The Englishman, remembering some of the best-selling novelists of the last fifty years, and reflecting on a number of queer things that are taken with a most unsmiling seriousness by some living Englishmen who are highly respected, may blush a little guiltily under this compliment, but, even so, he will be glad to know that in the eyes of a stranger England is a land living under the "dictatorship of humour." If there must be dictators, this one, perhaps, is the easiest to live under.

The Englishman, however—quixotic, courageous, self-confident, polite, kindly, humorous, sociable, and with a firm grip on his cheque book—is not quite perfect. "It must be admitted," confesses Herr von Stutterheim sadly, "that what English life gains in peaceableness it loses in interest. The English can be indescribably dull, and are capable of demonstrating a lack of alertness that makes any conversation apars from weather and sport impossible." A thousand yawnt seem to be concentrated in that sentence. Herr von Stutterheim has obviously spent some terrible week-ends. Possibly it was on such occasions that he was thrown into the company of the type of Englishwoman whom he most dislikes. "The wealthier classes in England," he declares, "are full of vain superficial women who have no idea beyond rushing from one amusement to another. . . . In contrast to the Englishman, who—apart from a few young fools from Oxford—acts naturally, the Englishwoman is not free from the danger of affectation." Even as regards women, however, Herr von Stutterheim ends on a note of praise, and tells his fellow-countrymen that "Gainsborough and Reynolds would still find plenty of models in England to-day worthy of their art and worthy of the ancient fame that is justified in every generation of the beauty of the women of England." Good.

As I read this interesting and engaging book, full of sharp observation and of free play of the mind on the facts of English life, I could not help wishing that the practitioners of "mass-observation" would take each of the author's generalisations and put it to the test. It would be interesting to know, for example, what proportion of the English have a sense of humour or are humourless, what proportion are polite or rude, and what proportion are self-confident or diffident. Living in England, one meets so many different types of Englishman that one sometimes wonders whether the typical Englishman really exists. Is he a Dickens character or a Trollope character, a Galsworthy or a Kipling or a Bennett? The longer I live, the less sure I feel about him. If he does exist, however, I think that on one of his good days he may bear a resemblance to the portrait that Herr von Stutterheim has painted of him. Here, at least, is a model which—apart from boringness and a somewhat misunderstood perfidiousness—the ordinary Englishman might try to live up to.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

TWO QUESTIONS

SIR,—A. B.'s letter of October 30th puts some very awkward questions both to pacifists and to militant anti-Fascists. But it is vitiated by one serious error. A. B. states that the baby-killer Bruno Mussolini "displays the sort of mentality which is likely to be efficient in modern war." I question the efficiency of bombing civilians.

A year ago Franco had many supporters in Madrid. Now he has very few, because only very exceptional people come to love their enemies when these enemies bomb them from the air. By persistently bombing towns behind the lines Franco has achieved a unity of the Spanish Left parties which would have seemed miraculous a year ago.

If Germany is involved in a war, Hitler may well be saved by a few really good French, Russian, or British air raids on German civilians, which would go far to neutralise Communist anti-war agitation.

An air raid on London intended as a knock-out blow would perhaps kill 50,000 people—as many as died there of influenza in 1918–1919. It would succeed in causing a revolution on one condition. If the people of London realised that as regards air-raid shelters they were far worse off than the people of Madrid or Valencia, they might try to kill the ministers responsible for this deficiency.

I believe that this is a real possibility if our Government continues to spend vast sums on the means of killing foreign babies, and next to none on protecting our own. Our rearmament policy is, I believe, based on a mistake as to the efficiency of the bomber, a mistake which has been demonstrated both in Spain and in China. A. B. is doing a poor service to the cause of peace by perpetuating this mistake.

J. B. S. HALDANE

University College, London, W.C.1.

[A. B., to whom we have shown this letter, writes: "Professor Haldane makes an extremely interesting point. But it is not

relevant to my argument. I quoted Bruno Mussolini, not to show the military value of bombing civilians, but by way of illustrating the growth, and probably the necessary growth, of a ruthless mentality once war is accepted as necessary. I still don't know whether Mr. Haldane is prepared "if necessary" (as I said) to encourage the sort of mentality shown by Bruno Mussolini.]

SIR,—I have a gentle bone to pick with A. B. Why should he say that because the League is now no more than an aspiration he has to choose between the Shepparders (we have lost the great man, alas, but we must preserve his name) and the Angells? Of course, I agree that, as long as this Government lasts, the League, as a war preventer or stopper, is no more than an aspiration. But why must old Leaguers like him and me on that account become either pacifists—without-a-fist—of the Sheppard and Ponsonby type or get-togetherers-against-Fascism, like (according to A. B.) Angell and Laski? Surely as long as democracy has a reasonable chance of resurrection, A. B.'s faith and mine in the League ought not to be deserted? And democracy though now, of course, stone dead in the House of Commons, can surely be resurrected, and effectively, at the next General Election—if the Shepparders and Angells and the Leaguers get together, as of course they ought to do.

So as one who still holds A. B.'s old faith in the League, and, incidentally, as an old Liberal who has never been tempted to turn aside into the paths that have led old colleagues, with whom I worked in the 1906 Parliament—like Comrade Ponsonby—to the House of Lords or higher depths—may I try to answer A. B.'s two questions? For it may be that the answers will seem more generally sensible than any he will get from those whom he questions.

1. "If Japan or Italy says it will make war on us unless we continue to sell them oil, would I continue to sell them oil for fear of provoking them?" *Answer:* Certainly not, for that has been the way the Government has been fatally drifting for the last two years, and, of course, it makes war quite inevitable, as soon as Mussolini and/or Hitler and/or the Japs think they can catch us bending.

2. "Would I be willing in a war against the Fascists to drop bombs on individuals with whom I had no quarrel except obedience to orders . . .?" *Answer:* I make no distinction between a war against the Fascists and a war against any other aggressor under Article 16 of the Covenant of the League. I should be willing to fight in any League War and, if I wasn't 63, should train myself to do so by rejoining the Terriers. If this meant dropping bombs on men with whom I had no personal quarrel I should certainly do it. But if I was ordered to do the things in which Bruno Mussolini gloried I should as certainly shoot myself.

Need A. B. after all give up his old League faith?

House of Commons. FRANCIS D. ACLAND

COLONIES AND COMMON SENSE

SIR,—To your excellent article on *Colonies and Common Sense* I should like to add but one comment.

You do not sufficiently stress the interest which such non-colony-owning States as Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Finland have in the matter. These countries manage to maintain a highly organised economic life, an export and import trade, and a standard of life that at the best is as good as England's and at the worst is better than that of the colony-owning power, Portugal. At present they are able to obtain the colonially produced foodstuffs and raw materials that they require by means of peaceful trade, without needing or seeking political control of territory. But if considerable colonial areas come under the control of States that follow a policy of totalitarian autarky, the position of these non-aggressive "have-nots" will become worse. The logical conclusion of Fascist colonial policy is the division of the world into a small number of self-contained economic empires, and the smaller countries will either be doomed to economic strangulation or be forced to sue for admission into one of the larger systems.

Supporters of democratic principles should refuse to countenance any proposed solution of the colonial problem which attempts to satisfy the ambitions of the ruling class in Germany, Italy or Japan at the expense of the needs of the peoples of Switzerland, Sweden and Czechoslovakia.

Democratic countries have thus an interest in the solution of the colonial problem along the lines of equal economic opportunity for all. In Britain and France, in particular, friends of peace and democracy should endeavour to secure the abandonment of the Ottawa preferential system in the crown colonies and the establishment of the "open door" in all the French colonies.

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NO TROTSKYISM

SIR,—For some time now the firm of which I am a director has sought to provide a representative selection of books embodying the most advanced thought on modern problems for those who were interested. Our criterion has been good writing, new material, an original or unusual approach to the subject. In this way we have issued books by English Communists, members of the I.L.P., pacifists, Russian Communists, Trotskyists, Negro revolutionaries, Eurasian Radicals, Communist sympathisers of various kinds, and Socialists maintaining independence of any political party. This somewhat varied service has earned us the reputation in certain circles of being Trotskyist publishers, though of course, we are nothing of the kind. Of this we do not complain, misleading though it is.

We feel urged to complain of the latest instance of censorship in which we have been involved. Briefly, the *Left Review*, a Communist controlled monthly, has refused our advertisement of *The Case of Leon Trotsky*. This refusal seems to us to be sharply differentiated from the banning of advertisements of "Trotskyist" books from Communist papers, of which we have had several experiences.

Our reason is this. The accusations levelled at Trotsky in the Moscow trials were of so serious a nature and of such world-wide interest and importance that most people, whose minds were not made up in advance, thought it desirable that the fullest investigations should be made. The taking of evidence from Trotsky by a Commission of Inquiry in Mexico was not the least important of these investigations. The evidence of this Commission has been printed *in full*, no omissions, no editing, every little word and incident as it came before the Commission. This is the book which has been banned by the *Left Review*, though it was informed exactly of the nature of its contents.

If we are to grant the Communist claim to be the most advanced force in the modern world, let them remember that criticism can come from friends, that freedom of speech and press is a treasured British heritage. FREDERIC J. WARBURG

22 Essex Street, Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd.
London, W.C.2.

THE WIDER CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. McColvin's amiable reply amply substantiates my criticism of the great mass of public librarians; it shows abundantly what a poor standard of education and scholarship satisfies the Library Association. As to the main charge of this correspondence and Mr. Alec Craig's article which began it, that the public libraries are largely responsible for the Wider Censorship, he proffers not a word. Mr. McColvin's chief anxiety is to rebut my statement that the L.A. has practically become a Trade Union; the obvious analogy seems to have escaped his comprehension. I willingly admit that, technically, it is not a Trade Union, just as, technically, his arguments are not moonshine. But that the main policy of the Association for many years has been to protect the library assistant with a low standard of education against the competition of persons with the right qualifications for such a difficult task as that of making every library a collection of the best possible books, without fear and without prejudice, and also an active agency in the intellectual life of the people, must be emphatically repeated. Very few of the present local librarians are fit to tackle the central problem of library economy; they are not competent authorities on the selection of books. The National Central Library was established to make up for the deficiencies of the local libraries. Mr. McColvin boasts that one-fourth of the fellows of the Association "have enjoyed university education," counting in, no doubt, those who are in the great University and State libraries. The proportion ought to be reversed; three-fourths would be a more tolerable minimum. The Association advocates, we are told, that entrants

to the profession should at least have the School Leaving Certificate. What a criterion of intellectual attainments!

Oddly enough, just before the arrival of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION this morning, the post brought a voting-paper for the London and Home Counties Committee of the L.A. On rescuing it from the wastepaper basket, I saw the names of seventeen candidates, of whom not even one-fourth, but only one, is a graduate, who may or may not be elected. Such an exposure of the limitations of those who aspire to be leaders of library activities in the area of greatest population in the world fully confirms my allegations. Odder still, of late years library authorities, advertising appointments, do not invite graduates, or educated "persons," or even men or women, but "a male librarian," or a "chief assistant (male)" as if they were asking for specimens for a stud farm. (See *L.A. Record*, Sept.–Oct.) It would be an insult to a really learned profession. But the borough library ranks with the most menial of the council's departments.

No, there is no hope for the average library under the present regime. The public libraries are, or should be, the natural adjuncts of our schools and universities, and the Board of Education is the proper body to co-ordinate their work. It would, of course, delegate its powers locally to committees, on which the best-educated and the most intelligent residents would have a useful place. The borough councils have dropped their admirable custom of putting co-opted members of the right stamp on their library committees, an invaluable sprinkling which often saved them from the blunders of the local politician in a sphere for which he was glaringly unfit. But, of course, as Mr. McColvin observes, the L.A. is definitely against any such change. Where would be three-fourths of its fellows if an Education Authority had looked at them?

ONCE A LIBRARIAN

THE BASQUE CHILDREN

SIR,—The statement, quoted by Mr. H. S. Laurie in his letter in your issue of October 30th, made by the Basque paper in Paris, *Euzko Deya*, that two groups of Basque women, totalling 38, had been shot in Franco's territory, after voluntarily returning there, so surprised me that I have at once made investigations in well-informed quarters here, and it is pointed out that:

(1) The San Sebastian Kursaal is not a prison and never has been used as such by the supporters of General Franco; it being used as a barracks for the "Requetes." The fact that the building was used as a prison before its capture by General Franco and that *Euzko Deya* still refers to it as such, shows how completely lacking that newspaper must be in accurate information and throws doubt at once on the whole story.

(2) *Prima facie* it is incredible that people who have the faintest suspicion they may be subjected to punishment, especially death or long-term imprisonment would be mad enough to elect to return to the Basque country, seeing that they might go to Catalonia.

ERNEST C. YALDWYN

KISSING IN CHURCH GROUNDS

SIR,—May I say a word in defence of Free State justice in Ireland? Your "Critic" describes a kissing case than which he has never "seen anything much more mad."

The boy has been fined for kissing a girl not so much in public as in "Church grounds." There is nothing mad in this. Irish justice is admirable in these mad days. I have described it as perfect democracy tempered with a little Church Canon Law. Minorities, even hostile minorities, are treated with absolute respect compared to Germany and Russia.

The case is, no doubt, a concession to the Catholic Church which has been the pillar of true democracy in Ireland. The case is reported from Dundalk, where curiously enough I recollect hearing of a more serious case over thirty years ago. An English soldier was reported to have shared an immoral act with a girl in a church. As a result the church had to be reconsecrated. In this case the sentence imposed on boy and girl seems very mild, considering they had a thousand lanes and boreens in which to exchange the embraces which it is stated were not immoral.

What they did in consecrated grounds was shocking to the Catholic democracy and it is by respecting ancient sanctities that one can oppose one breakwater at least to the Totilitarian State. The Canon Law may yet prove one of the refuges of European liberty.

SHANE LESLIE

Ashby St. Ledgers, Rugby.

Miscellany

SPIRITUAL STARVATION

Mr. Gladstone has given place at the Gate Theatre to a remarkable play in three short acts, *The Unquiet Spirit*, by M. Jean-Jacques Bernard. He is one of the most gifted of those dramatists who provoked the post-war revival of the Paris stage. About that revival we know little here; and it is, as usual, only to impecunious, hole-in-a-corner enterprise that English audiences have owed occasional glimpses of those dramatists' works. The Stage Society a year or so ago produced M. Jean Cocteau's *Infernal Machine* and at the Gate Theatre they acted his *Orphée* in 1928. They also acted *Maia*, a half-real, half-symbolic and gravely poetic play about prostitution, which led to indignant questions being asked in the House of Commons. I think it was also in 1928 (perhaps in consequence) that some plain-clothes policemen got into the Gate Theatre by paying at the box-office. Now, to sell tickets to non-subscribers is forbidden to societies performing unlicensed plays, and the result was a prosecution.

I recall this because it gives me a chance of saying that during nearly thirty years' playgoing as a critic a large proportion of the clever good plays I have seen have been productions of dramatic societies of this kind, outside the jurisdiction of the Censor. He either had, or would have, stamped on them. But, as managers are fully aware, the censorship has one great convenience; you can get by with a good deal of cheerful lubricity, while a performance once licensed is immune from attack by "the common informer." But the censorship is also a Upas-tree. The list of plays it has extinguished as unwholesome contains not a few of the world's admitted masterpieces, while the retractions of its decisions (usually years afterwards) have only proved its incompetence without saving its face. Like all old arbitrary institutions it is, however, "nervous." It does not like being despised by people who care about the theatre, so these should let the Lord Chamberlain know from time to time what they think of his decisions. His most recent action, in his capacity of Censor of Plays, has been to ban *Mr. Gladstone*: the public are not to be allowed to gather from a play what every reader of recent history knows, namely, that Queen Victoria's attitude towards that Minister who was opposed to an imperialistic policy was often vexatious and unconstitutional. Here the Lord Chamberlain was in a position of some delicacy, for, being a Court official, his decision about a play of this kind would naturally be interpreted as an expression of Royal *amour propre*. It was therefore important that decision should not strike people as petty. I think myself the ban more likely to lessen respect for the Crown than an exhibition on the stage of the shortcomings of a dead woman who once wore it, and was, in spite of them, a most devoted Queen of England. It makes the Royal Family look small-minded. The Lord Chamberlain has been, I think, not only silly but tactless.

The work of M. Jean-Jacques Bernard is associated with what French critics have called "the theory of silence." He holds (I am paraphrasing him) that in a bare and sober kind of drama concealed or unconscious passions can find truer expression than in eloquence. With other dramatists (M. Lenormand, M. Charles Vildrac—to mention two) he represents the tendency away from the explicit declamatory methods of the French stage. It used to be a French playwright's triumph to lead up to some situation which could then be resolved in a resounding tirade or in some verbally brilliant dialogue. This, by the way, is Bernard Shaw's method, whose dramatic crises are inseparable from declamation and whose characters are nothing if not articulate. Chekov, on the other hand, often gets his best effects by leading up to a situation in which those characters who have deeply engaged our attention find absolutely nothing to say. Think of Vanya at the end of the play which bears his name, or of the scene

between Lopahin and Dunyasha in *The Cherry Orchard*. The expressiveness resided in the speechlessness of those concerned. But this is only a difference of method. There is more behind this French "theory of silence." Roughly, that is a response to the huge volume of emotion in us all which never finds direct expression either in our words or our actions, only indirect. To handle this material successfully presents a delicate problem in craftsmanship. The aim of M. Bernard's admirable technique (*Le Printemps des Autres* is a striking example of it) is to make some buried impulse pervade the whole action without its rising to the surface of the dialogue. In *Le Printemps des Autres* that central all-pervading impulse was a good mother's unconscious jealousy of a daughter whom she loves; neither of them understood until the very end, and then in silence, what it is that has made them both so unhappy. In *The Unquiet Spirit* the hidden and the emotional impulse is that which once found expression in a myth which Aristophanes propounds in Plato's Banquet and by which love's torments were explained :— that those who are born to be lovers had once made up a single perfect human-being, and so, on earth, they are doomed to seek their severed halves.

Of course you need not accept this fantastic theory while you are sitting in the Gate Theatre, watching the distracted, unconsciously impelled Marcelline knock herself to pieces —why, she does not know—in search for the human-being who could release in her the power to love. You need not accept that myth in order to feel for her and her doomed restless counterpart, Antoine, the utmost sympathy; their predicament is too like the fate of all who go through life with gifts unused—unsatisfied they don't know why, ungrateful, much against their wish, for all they do possess. Marcelline and Antoine keep crossing each other's path without recognising each other. Why should they? Their worlds are different. They never speak to each other, though once in the Tuileries Garden they nearly touched each other's hands. All they know is that they are incomplete. And though both have met with true devotion—he, a starving clerk, in an unselfish little mistress; she, in the kindest of patient husbands and a comfortable home—yet each is doomed to hunt perpetually for the other, thus hurting those who love them most. Sometimes each, with a gust of blind unrelated joy, hears the approaching footsteps of the other—then they look again for joy where it cannot be found. How, you may well ask, can such a theme be handled in three short acts? By never expounding it, but always suggesting it.

From Act I onwards, when Marcelline, on her honeymoon, insisted so inexplicably on stopping at St. Jean de Luz (Antoine was there, though she did not know it), all we see are the erratic impulses of a young wife who does not understand herself and whose husband is trying, tenderly, to understand her. Then, in Act II, we hear a shame-faced down-and-out young man breaking with his faithful mistress (played with appropriate reserve by Miss Marian Wilson); while only a few steps off his "other-self" is listening, at first sceptically, then avidly, to a seducer who whispers of the self-forgetfulness of lust and *les paradis artificiels*. Both of the two born-to-be-lovers are strangely exalted by a propinquity of which they are not aware; and yet, misinterpreted, that exaltation itself now drives each of them in a disastrous direction. Henceforth both will run like lost dogs down a street, turning questing heads this way and that, following false scents and often splashed with filth. Marcelline, between affairs short, common and empty, impelled by a load of uncomprehended pity in her heart, will sometimes haunt the infirmaries of the poor; sometimes (almost convinced, herself, that she is mad) pace day after day outside a prison wall. We need know no more of Antoine's life that this implies. Act III: Marriage with Marcelline has become impossible. Her husband still longs to help her, but such a mother, such a home, are worse than none. They have already said good-bye before the curtain rises, and yet she feels she *must* come down to where her husband sits. (It is an outside room with one door opening on the street.) Not in hope of being helped, but rather in frantic need to understand herself, Marcelline now pours out all that explains her fate to us. Why—ah, why!—had she perpetually yielded to such erratic impulses? Why had she never loved where she respected most? Why, *just now*, had she come down to torture uselessly, and yet again, her kindest friend? Before what seems her pitiful hysteria has reached its climax *we* are in possession of the answer—it was a blind, unconscious search for him who also unconsciously has been seeking her. The play has been so well constructed that every incident, every word spoken hitherto, now crystallises in that one impression. The door, the door! She points, and her husband opens it—a poor, dead stranger tumbles in. "Starved, starved!" she cries, with a pity that is really despair. And so the play ends.

Miss Catherine Lacy acted this scene with a delicate comprehension both of its emotions and the dramatic value of its climax. Mr. Douglas Burbidge as Marcelline's husband supplied throughout a gentle, inexpressive stolidity that had a value as a background to her "unquiet spirit," but the finer shades of Philip's distress and sympathy I think escaped him. Mr. Stafford Byrne (and his producer) saw how vital it was to the theme *not* to make Antoine outwardly attractive or romantic. He did well.

The significance of this beautiful little play does not depend on the credibility of the myth that may have first suggested it. Its beauty and its meaning lie in its telling a story which, by implication and analogy, is that of all who, in one way or another, have failed to find themselves in life or perished, perhaps as wasters, under the devil-defended walls of some endeavour. Once again I owe to one of these Dramatic Societies a play I shall not forget.

In *The Unquiet Spirit* there is nothing, however, to which the Censor would object. But would its beauty and penetration have redeemed it had it contained some reference to a forbidden topic, or passage capable of producing a twinge of political timidity? I think not. And yet it is not stupidity that has banned plays by Aeschylus, Shelley, Ibsen, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Granville-Barker, Pirandello (*Six Characters in Search of an Author* is still forbidden), or that sometimes mutilated Somerset Maugham, and I have no doubt other playwrights. It is not stupidity; it is indifference. An indifference which springs from an inability to believe, or a capacity to feel, that those adventures of the heart and intellect called works of dramatic art can be of any *real* importance. "It doesn't *matter*. People can amuse themselves by seeing something else"—that was what was the feeling responsible at bottom for decisions so idiotic that the Censor has gone quietly back on many of them. Naturally, where there is no faith, no warmth, no instinct to admire, no impulse to inquire—not even that diffidence which critics know (though their adverse verdicts do not put books out of circulation) that they may be sinning against the light or wronging an unknown beauty—naturally, in that quarter, petty precedents and nervous circumspection carry the day. I see no signs that the spirit of the censorship has changed; tolerance of yesterday's masterpieces is no sign. Politically it is, I think, likely to grow more reactionary. What can be done? It is, as I said, an institution convenient to managers, but I never met a playwright of any originality who had confidence that it cared a straw about his art. All lovers of the theatre can do is to watch it, find out *what* it is doing, and when necessary try to shame it into liberality of mind.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

CANON SHEPPARD

IT was a hot night and I remember my growing dismay as the speaker developed in ponderous detail his theory about the technique of group meetings for the practice of non-violence. Dick, who was lying on the floor in his shirt sleeves (it was in his own house), whispered to me: "Can't you get up and tell them we haven't time for all this intensive cultivation and that our job is to stop the next bloody war?" That meeting

settled none of my doubts about Canon Sheppard's peace movement, but it reassured me about Dick. I was never very impressed with his public utterances: and I was at first put off by what seemed an overdone modesty, too inclusive a smile and too hearty a manner. I soon found that I was wrong. His humility and his interest in other people were simple and genuine; he had a genius for establishing personal, indeed affectionate, relations with almost everyone he met. He was a constant source of laughter and good talk: I never heard him make a conventional judgment and he had a shrewdness and bite in his private comments that would have surprised some people who thought him soft and sugary. He was the most understanding of priests and least clerical of clerics. He had the fan mail of a film star and had as much public business as a Foreign Secretary. But he wrote more personal letters and postcards (and thought of fresh things to say on most of them) than any one I've known, and he did actually remember, not as a politician may for the period of the election, but really remember, details about the difficulties and happinesses of innumerable people who at some time opened a door for him or asked a question at a meeting or wrote a letter that interested him. He would write thanking you for some service you were scarcely conscious of having performed. He made scores of people feel that they were his privileged and intimate friends. And the odd thing is that most of them really were.

Of one aspect of Dick Sheppard it may be worth while for me to speak just because other people won't. It was his least expected and to me most endearing quality. It is true, as his colleagues have said, that he suffered acutely with the suffering of the world and that he had no doubts about Christianity as the one philosophy to meet this suffering. But he was the least fanatical of crusaders, the most sceptical of saints, the least confident of reformers. Christianity—yes, but apart from some few certainties of individual conduct, how apply this Christianity? Was it true, he once asked, that one must never do evil that good might come? Aldous Huxley always said that, but he was not quite sure: it sometimes seemed that one had to do evil to do good. No, Huxley was surely right—in the long run, but how long? This civilisation, he said, seemed to have gone too far to be redeemed by Christianity or anything else. What did I think? He was proud of the P.P.U. and utterly devoted to its service. But wasn't the cheering of crowds frightening? Did they understand when they cheered; would they stand any real test or did they just hate war? So he would question in private, question almost everything, and go off saying he and I were the bravest people alive because we went on all the same in spite of having no faith at all in anything. He was wrong. He was a man of faith, and that was why he could hold together such a miscellaneous crowd of emotional admirers and pernickety intellectuals. They were confident about their theories and insistent about their diagnoses. He was sure about none of these things. He was only sure about the one thing they could not of themselves feel sure about—what was right and what was wrong to do. About that he had faith; and it did not need to be bigger than a grain of mustard seed.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

RECENT CONCERTS

THE Brahms Requiem at the first of the two Toscanini concerts at the Queen's Hall did not provide any surprises, for having heard Toscanini conduct it last year in Salzburg I knew more or less what to expect. I did not, however, expect the soprano soloist, Miss Isobel Baillie, to be as good as she was; she begun unencouragingly, it is true, with a rather obvious tremolo, but her voice got steadier as she proceeded, with the result that she gave the best performance I have yet heard from her. The baritone, Alexander Sved, was excellent, and I fear we shall miss his fine voice in the Ninth Symphony. The B.B.C. chorus acquitted itself with great credit. The crude undifferentiated yelling which has been heard from this choir on some other occasions was, of course, not to be expected under Toscanini, but even a Toscanini cannot undo long-established bad habits. This was noticeable in the inability of the choir to graduate its tone with the required flexibility so as to pass from a *forte* to a *mezzo forte* or a *piano*. Inspired by Toscanini with a proper respect for musical tone, they succeeded in singing a *pianissimo* when demanded, but it was a *pianissimo* without tonal substance, which is not surprising from voices hacked to pieces by Handelian roaring. The attack of the choir, however, was excellent, and the tenors were able to produce a solid sonority of sound at times that was praiseworthy.

From the orchestra we got the cleanness and clarity which we expect under Toscanini, with a beautiful independence and distinctness in the secondary parts; but it would be an exaggeration to say that our B.B.C. orchestra played on this occasion up to the standard of an absolutely first-rate body. It is lacking in subtlety and plasticity. It depends too much upon the conductor, and this dependence is not at all due to over-respect for Toscanini's demands. That would be quite impossible, for every musician worth his salt must recognise that Toscanini is a real master, a conductor such as we shall probably not hear for another hundred years. Its deficiency is due to a certain rigidity in individuals and partly perhaps, on this occasion, to an unusual anxiety to do the best possible. The quality which the B.B.C. Orchestra rather lacks is precisely that which the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra—which paid us a visit last week—has superlatively, namely, a natural musical fluidity. The wood-wind of the Prague orchestra has a liveliness and elasticity which is quite astonishing, and this gave to the performance of Dvořák's beautiful G major symphony a sensuous charm such as I have never heard in any performance of this work by one of our own orchestras. The conductor of the Prague Philharmonic, Rafael Kubelik, is a son of the famous violinist, and made a very favourable impression, especially in the Smetana and Dvořák works.

I cannot be persuaded by repeated hearings of Janecek to think highly of such a composition as *Taras Bulba;* nevertheless, long-winded and dull as this work is it is surpassed utterly in tedious emptiness by Rimsky-Korsakov's *Antar*, which wasted thirty-five minutes of Sir Thomas Beecham's valuable time at the last Royal Philharmonic Society's concert. Both these compositions belong to that class in which the music tells a story—usually of Oriental or East-European legend. All the appropriate descriptive and emotional effects are cunningly introduced, and become maddeningly obvious with repetition. It is all perfect cinema music and should be kept in its proper place to illustrate films and not played at the concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society. The item following *Antar* was a new Hebrew Rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra by the Swiss composer, Bloch, the solo part being played by Piatigorsky. This work, entitled *Schelomo* (Solomon), is of the kind which chiefly affects those whose sensitiveness to music is through emotional associations. As I am a passionate admirer of the Jewish race I hope I shall be forgiven by those to whom this music makes a specially strong appeal for saying that I think these so-called Hebrew wailings and ravings very poor and monotonous music. I have never been able to understand the seriousness with which some critics and music-lovers have taken the works of Bloch. His music sounds to me laborious, dull, overwritten and heavy with undigested emotional fervour. It is even worse, in this respect, than the work of an earlier composer with whom his music has much in common, Max Bruch, a name that, fortunately, does not often occur in programmes nowadays.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Georg Szell again in charge of the London Symphony Orchestra the other night. Here is a conductor who is a superb musician, knows exactly what he wants and is able to persuade an orchestra to give it. Perhaps there is a little too much hard drive in his persuasion at present, but that is probably due to the fact that the L.S.O. is being built up into a new orchestra worthy to stand comparison with the best of our other orchestral bodies. T performances of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and major symphony were clean and magnificently vital. S stimulating was Mr. Szell's presence that Mr. Moiseiwits gave a more convincing performance of the E flat pianofor concerto than I have ever heard from him before.

To return for a moment to the first Toscanini concert. do not think there is any doubt that the playing of Brahms "Tragic" overture which preceded the Requiem was the be piece of orchestral playing we have heard in London for so considerable time. I should like to add that it is amusi to see with what solemnity the British public and press trea Brahms's "Requiem." I should not dream of denying great merits or of hiding the fact that I enjoy it; but to co sider it a great masterpiece of a religious character!! We it seems to me that it has neither freshness, simplicity n faith, and to write of it as if it were on the same musical pla as the religious music of the great classical masters is to ove look a radical weakness in it. But its popularity is due to i sentimental beauty and luxury of sadness. W. J. TURNER

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THE MOVIES

"The Prisoner of Zenda," at the Odeon

It is no disgrace to the new *Prisoner of Zenda* that its surround ings have put it in the shade. The Odeon, rising from th ashes of the Alhambra, is so stupendous that it would totall extinguish the *Oresteia*, the *Ring*, and an entire cycle Shakespearean history put together. Ploughing our wa across a carpet of extravagant pile, we reached a foyer whos splendour we had no time to examine, since already th Wurlitzer was to be heard inside summoning us to the house warming with profuse strains of *Che gelida manina*. Welcome by a bevy of young women in identical bow-ties and double breasted jackets, with identically darkened eyes and perme coiffures (it seemed as though the very hairs of their eyebrow were numbered), we found ourselves in the interior of monstrous gilt concertina. There is no relief; from front t back the walls and roof are ribbed in continuous and equall spaced curves, which form themselves above and beside th proscenium into great fantastic whorls of gilt. Along the sid walls run friezes of inlaid wood, culminating in more whorl and surmounted by gilded groups of four leaping figures like the Communists on the top of the Russian pavilion i Paris—only moving at the double and modishly svelte—the are about to launch themselves into space: off the edge o the whorls, that is to say, and towards the proscenium. Mr Selfridge, it is evident, will have to look to his laurels. Mean while the curtain, gathered and hooped like a dozen silke Edwardian ball-dresses, turned from its native gilt to sea-gree and amethyst; the organ, outlined in slabs of night-blu Neon, coupled its five manuals together and sent a peal o mock diapason rumbling expensively beneath the mock leopard skin of our seats; the fluted and voluted immensities faded into darkness; and the "picturization" (for so it wa called) began.

There too no expense has been spared, and the familia story has its proper background of enormous ball-rooms splendid uniforms, mysterious castles and dark forests Although the dialogue has been speeded up, some of th scenes seem very slow by modern standards. Ronald Colman doubling Rassendyl and Rudolf V, confronts himself with th most unabashed duplicity, shaking his own hand as though he had been doing it all his life. Madeleine Carroll bloom prettily as the peach hanging in the royal orchard; and Dougla Fairbanks, Jr., gave to Rupert of Hentzau the appearance of a cad when he had his cap on, and of a mischievous teddy-bea when he took it off; which is about right, when you come t think of it. The film culminates in a duel whose extende vigour pleased us all. Thereafter Rassendyl galloped off int the night, the organ boomed, and leopard-skin and gildin re-emerged triumphantly from the obscurity.

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

The building, like Anthony Hope's story, is pure wish-fulfilment. "King for a Day!" says the film; and "Millionaire for a Night!" purr the leopards. There are two essential requirements for the place to which the man in the street takes his girl. Real warmth and real comfort, so that they can forget the weather in the streets; and splendour on so lavish a scale that it inebriates. The Odeon supplies both. Useless for the aesthete to complain that if the marzipan were only cleared away it would be grand. In the eyes of the masses, it *is* grand; and, though they do not know it, it is they who have dictated its style, just as the Roi Soleil dictated the style of Versailles. Golden walls, amethyst hangings, non-stop non-intellectual music: such has always been the popular idea of heaven; look at the Apocalypse. All we have added is the central heating. PETER GALWAY

PAINTING IN SPLENDID ISOLATION

The London Group at the New Burlington Galleries

As Mr. James Laver has suggested in his *Nineteenth Century French Painting*, the modern easel picture, like the prize vegetable-marrow, comes into being chiefly to make a sensation in a show. The contemporary independent artist (and to a lesser extent the artist who exhibits at the official Academy) is accustomed to painting with no particular end in view. He recognises the legacy of isolation and disinterestedness left by Degas and Cézanne without noticing that the conditions are not necessarily binding, or that the isolation itself has become less noble by being so crowded. The painter who exhibits at the London Group is assured of a sympathetic reception—from his friends, other painters and their friends. But that is all. The Group's exhibition, tucked away at the top of a high plain building, stands for the art which you may take or leave. Since it misses the social significance of the Royal Academy and the skilful salesmanship of the picture dealer, the public has so far been content to leave. Sales are rare.

The London Group as it exists is faced with a choice between professionalism and the amateur status. For the last few years its exhibitions have been full of paintings produced in an utterly unmercenary way, whose simple aim has been to express the painter's personality. This has been done with vigour, sensibility, subtlety or spirit, according to the artist concerned, but it remains a fact that many of the worst paintings are the most personal. The standard for admission to the exhibition has been an aesthetic one, which takes more account of gaiety and decorativeness than of technical skill. Any amateur who has done a jolly sketch has had a chance of getting it shown. The professional members of the Group, in trying to keep pace with the disinterestedness and freedom of the true amateurs, have been forced into the near-amateur condition of painting recklessly and hoping for a sale somehow. A tendency among professionals to ape the results of dilettantism is bad for painting in general and for the Group in particular. Now that (in London) the novelty of modern art has become a little threadbare, something more than bright colours, angles and brush-strokes are needed to entice spectators or to stimulate new patrons. If the members of the London Group wish to put an end to their seclusion and segregation, a slightly more worldly attitude might perhaps be helpful.

The appearance in this year's exhibition of a nucleus acknowledging a more objective attitude to the life around them is promising. The revival of portraiture continues to grow, and is emphasised by the inclusion of a very careful portrait by the late Mr. Roger Fry of Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth. Miss Ethel Walker's portrait bust is the best piece of sculpture in the show. Her paintings, *The Black Jacket* and *Miss Watson*, achieved, it seems, by an inexplicable series of unaccountable dabs and cuts, are brilliant and make everything near them look sugary by contrast. Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan's three portraits are brilliant too, but in a more juicy, pasty way. The flecks and slivers of wet paint are whipped up into the most startling effects. Mr. William Coldstream's portraits belong to another class of painting, made up of statements rather than of miracles. Mr. Coldstream's *Wystan Auden* shows a great increase in his range, while his little picture of two men looking at a greenish landscape is probably the best thing in this show. Mr. Raymond Coxon has a charming double portrait of a farmer with his bull, while nearby Mr. Robert Medley's *Christopher Isherwood* floats in a tomato-coloured background. Mr. Medley's views of working-class life are desperate. Mr. Victor Pasmore's restaurant scene is more cheerful and somehow more authentic too. Miss Margaret Mellis has a very attractive landscape in which the colour is curiously more real than decorative. Mr. H. E. du Plessis's *Slag Heaps* is a most efficient picture, and for this artist a new departure in colour. Abstract art is less prominent than it has been. Mr. Piper and Mr. Woods represent the ruler and compass school; Mr. Hitchens repeats his melting woodland patterns. The sculpture includes a very strange exhibit in Mr. George Churchill's thirty odd little abstract forms, standing or reclining on a green baize surface. But for sheer shock value there is nothing in the sculpture or the painting to touch Mr. Mark Gertler's vibrating, pulsating, iridescent *Blue Door*.

This is the most attractive as well as the most promising London Group for years. For anyone who does not belong to circles where aesthetics are too common knowledge, it should be particularly interesting. But how is the London Group to lure such inaccessible flies into its parlour? Possibly the only solution will be in a defeat which is also a victory—for the members to slip across the street and by peaceful penetration to take possession of the buildings, titles, emoluments, dignities and social importance of the Royal Academy. But this is a risky strategem. Troy would not twice be taken by means of a wooden horse. The Academy is wary of young artists, especially when they are gifted. GRAHAM BELL

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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Orphée" Presented by the People's National Theatre, at the Playhouse

Poetic imagination and an acute sense of the theatre are combined in Cocteau as in no other living dramatist. *The Infernal Machine*, admirably produced some time since by the Stage Society, remains one of our happiest memories of the London theatre, and now the People's National Theatre have given us three performances of his *Orpheus*, which had previously been seen here only inadequately. It is a short play which pretends to be slight and which is so compact of beauty, wit and meaning that it can be read or seen repeatedly without satiety. Orpheus, spell-bound by a white horse, values Eurydice only when Death has taken her from him; and having rescued her by entering the kingdom of the dead, he at once—and this is Cocteau's chief addition to the myth—quarrels with her, and even pretends that he looked at her intentionally. The significance of this, as of so many Greek legends, is inexhaustible, and fresh for each new generation. Cocteau may have picked up from Vienna the notion that no act is unintentional, just as he picked up from Eberstadt (or was it Ebersdorf?) the idea of a horse tapping out messages with its feet. But the main meaning of the play is written on its title-page, "Qu'il est laid le bonheur qu'on veut, qu'il est beau le malheur qu'on a." Cocteau follows Baudelaire in seeing beauty as inevitably lethal, and this inimitably neat and unemphatic play, despite its constant humour and fairy-tale ending, is tragic. Orpheus is a poet—that is, he sees only what is not there. He is blind to Eurydice except when she is absent, and it is the gaze of his blind eyes that kills a woman who had already died. Mr. Carl Wildman made both the translation and the production with the greatest nicety. The suspension in the air of Heurtebise was less sensationally effective than it should be; but Mr. Wildman's understanding of Cocteau's intentions throughout was remarkable and he found actors to understand this dangerously tricky play. Miss Eileen Peel's performance as Eurydice was outstanding—the part could not be better played. Mr. Esmond Knight and Mr. André van Gyseghem acted very intelligently, though Heurtebise was in appearance inadequately angelic. Death—in a surgeon's white overall, the guise in which she usually visits us to-day—was invested by Miss Margaret Leona with the required elegance and hierophantic coldness. The prologue justly compares a performance of this play to a delicate and vertiginous acrobatic feat—"Nous jouons très haut et sans filet de secours." Mr. Wildman secured a performance in which no one ever looked like falling. Is the general public never to see this masterpiece?

Orphée was preceded by a play so embarrassingly bad that we have not the heart to mention its title or its author.

Henning Nyberg, at the Storran Gallery

Although Mr. Henning Nyberg has been living in England for some time now, a Scandinavian impulse still lies behind his painting. Like Smorgasbrod or Schnapps or Swedish glass or architecture, his painting has a kind of sharp clarity, suitable to the North. This is not to say that Mr. Nyberg's work has anything in common with so-called functional painting. Mr. Nyberg is not an abstract painter in any sense of the word. His still lifes (and these include all but one of the pictures in this exhibition) belong (though not superficially) to the Dutch school of swagger painting. A sport of fashion has reversed our concept of what is grand. To-day we like plain deal, stripped pine, wooden bowls, while the lobsters on silver chargers flanked by glasses of champagne are only to be found in public houses. It is significant that the last notable painter of rich still lifes was Courbet. Mr. Nyberg's painting, like so much that has been done in Germany and Scandinavia in the last fifty years, owes a lot to Courbet. In detail at least his painting has some of the lusciousness of his master, though it lacks, perhaps, his exquisite sense of the relative importance of facts. A fragment by Mr. Nyberg is beautiful enough in its quality of paste and its combinations of white and grey, black and greeny brown—but in the complete pictures, forceful as they are, there is a lack of complete conviction of the understanding of implications. Mr. Nyberg's *Plaice* cannot be compared with Courbet's *Trout* (at the New Burlington Gallery last year). This distinction is not only due to the fact that Courbet is an old master and Mr. Nyberg has still years in which to develop. There is a difference in the levels at which the art is practised.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 6th—
- Dr. C. A. Smith on "Is Socialism Equalitarian?" London University, 7.30.
- "It's You I Want," Cambridge.

SUNDAY, November 7th—
- United Peace Meeting, Whitestone Pond, Hampstead, 11. If wet, Friends' Meeting House, Heath Street.
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Progress and Catastrophe," Conway Hall, 11.
- Concert by South London Orchestra, Morley College, 8.

MONDAY, November 8th—
- National Book Fair, Dorland Hall. To be opened at 3.30 by Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill. Till November 22nd.
- Westminster F.S.U. & Left Book Club 20th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. celebrations, Caxton Hall, 8.
- "Ghosts," Vaudeville.

TUESDAY, November 9th—
- Percy Bartlett on "International Pacifism," Friends' House, 1.20.
- Sir James Jeans on "The Astronomical Universe," Royal Inst. 5.15.
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Lion and the Unicorn: What *Is* Happening to the British Empire?" Conway Hall, 7.
- Miss Barbara Low on "Sex Education—Is It Possible?", Conway Hall, 8.
- Elizabeth Wiskemann on "Central Europe," Morley College, 8.
- Li Tai-hwa on "Red Star over China," 5 Arundel Gardens, W.11, 8.15.
- Stephen Spender on "Poetry and Politics," Mary Ward Settlement, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, November 10th—
- Norman Haire on "Sex and Censorship," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, November 11th—
- Service of Remembrance, Bandstand, Regents Park, 10.15. Speakers include Canon Raven, H. W. Austin, Miss Storm Jameson and H. M. Tomlinson.
- Simultaneous Meetings on "Christ and Peace," Central Hall and Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- Film Show in celebration of the 20th Anniversary of the Soviet Union, Argyll Hall, Lancaster Road, W.11, 8.15.
- Sir Stafford Cripps on "The Political Reactions of Rearmament." Chairman: Kingsley Martin, Friends' Hall, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. E. M. FORSTER once wrote what might be superficially described as a Wellsian fantasy called *The Machine Breaks Down*, in which, if I remember rightly, the sun is going out and human beings live as isolated from each other as pupating grubs in a wasp's nest. When they are hungry they swallow blobs of synthetic food; when they want company they twiddle knobs and enjoy a radio television gossip with any subscriber in the bleak world where all survivors are subscribers. While Mr. Wells would have made such an all-electric service honeycomb a mere stage on man's journey to Ultimate Godhood, Mr. Forster specified it simply to point out how unsatisfactory it all was and how badly it compared with taking a friend by the arm and eating toasted muffins in front of a coal grate. Yet the queer thing is that though he gloats over the collapse of the hated Utopia, there is nothing so very different in it from our present way of living, except its freedom from noise and dirt and the worry of making both ends meet. We take each other by the arm, I admit, but doing so often brings us no nearer, and though nobody finds all the companionship he wants in his wireless set, it is only because he gets a better service from the subscription library. More and more books are read (even if they are not written) in order that readers should get to know authors. We want to be charmed; to hear fresh voices and see fresh faces . . . and we find the friendship we want in books, making no return except to swell royalties, and being free of every other obligation. Just as the best way of making new friends is said to be on board ship (not that I believe it), we imagine the quickest way to make friends with authors is in books of travel and records of personal adventure. We read accounts of crossing Thibet or the Polar ice, not from any genuine enthusiasm for lamaseries or penguins, but because we imagine that we shall get to know our author best when he is telling us about his hand-to-mouth struggles to achieve his object. Also we are naturally attracted by the brave, the young and the adventurous. Such books, which achieve their object by being intensely personal, cannot be judged like other literature. We read them in a particular mood, we have cast the author as hero and so long as he remains on the stage nothing he does is wrong. The art he needs is a cross between that of the film star and that of the young man who writes a good letter home for his mother and his aunts. Creative imagination and originality are far less important than a strong personality and the power of showing himself in an amusing light—the only important thing about his style is that it should express individuality.

* * *

Thus the thing one feels after reading *The Spotted Lion*, by Kenneth Gandar Dower (Heinemann, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is not that one has discovered a book, but met a person whose character is completely charming and original. Of course the book must have merit to express the author's personality so well—but it would never occur to me to call him a writer. Mr. Gandar Dower is a well-known amateur pilot, but when he set out to fly to Africa, to join a Safari on the Serengetti plains, his new aeroplane only got him as far as Innsbruck, after which there is very little flying in the book, though the pilot's temperament is plain enough. Having dashed out at top speed to Africa, Mr. Gandar Dower found his friends had abandoned the expedition, and he knocked about in Kenya making friends with people who struck him as living up to their claim of being pleasantly "batty." Yet, in spite of such acquaintanceships, Africa was a disappointment, since the land of Rider Haggard was being "disenchanted by Bognorisation"—by hotels, lorries, golf courses and big game tours, scientifically conducted by white hunters who ensure that each of their clients gets his trophies with a minimum of discomfort and in perfect safety. Luckily he was put on to an unusual type of hunter who took him for a trip up through the forests at the foot of Mt. Kenya to the upland moors. During this expedition Mr. Gandar Dower heard of two beasts in which the natives believe: The Nandi Bear and the Spotted Lion. This excellent trip was followed by "a stock safari" in a lorry conducted by a brilliantly competent white hunter. The lorry pulled up suddenly and Mr. Gandar Dower duly secured an unusually fine lion. But the experience left him miserably uncomfortable. He felt he had murdered the lion and he could not bear himself. So in the dead of night, when white hunter and African boys were asleep, he stole out of camp with a rifle, felt that that wasn't good enough, dumped rifle and pyjamas under a tree and wandered off in nothing but a pair of gym shoes, towards where he heard a lion coughing.

> I no longer felt so ashamed of my murdered lion. I had proved to myself something I had wished to know. I had done something that I had not believed I could bring myself to do. An absurd adventure, it would seem to others, but to me all my life it would be a memory—that once I had escaped.

Not from lions but from conducted tours. As he ran back in the first glimmerings before the dawn a silver-grey beast—smaller than a lion—crossed his path and halted to stare at him. Soon it slipped away and Mr. Gandar Dower, regaining his pyjamas, returned unseen to bed.

* * *

For me that incident is the one that matters most in the book, and which makes me glad to have read it. Mr. Gandar Dower might have left Africa after this, if a man had not shown him an extraordinary lion's skin, covered with spots. He at once decided that he must discover this new sub-species and the rest of the book is an account of his various attempts to find it. The spotted lion, or "morozi" of the natives, if it exists at all, lives at an altitude of ten to twelve thousand feet in the Aberdare mountains. Travelling with a delightful guide, but in a continual downpour of rain, with exhausted ponies and shivering natives who developed chicken-pox, was by no means easy. There were no maps. They hadn't a compass and lost themselves. Once when they sent a native to climb down a dark canyon to report which way the river at the bottom was flowing he came back gasping out: "The river is running downhill." Lion footprints were found but no lions were visible. Eventually other methods had to be adopted. Mr. Gandar Dower got permission to put up traps like giant mousetraps, but so far these have yielded no *morozis*. Dumps of zebra meat were carried up from the plains to likely spots, and Mr. Gandar Dower went to sleep 18 feet away from the tethered meat in a sort of shallow grave, armed with a rifle and a flashlight. A leopard came and woke him every night by gobbling meat and Mr. Gandar Dower tried to photograph it by flashlight, which he did eventually most successfully. It was, as he says, and as the photograph shows, a nice leopard.

> At first he fled at the flashing of the light: later he faced my squibs with unconcern and I had to turn the torch upon him when I wanted to get out and change the plates in my cameras and re-charge the bulbs, and in the end I had to wriggle out of my hole, rattling tins. . . . At some period in this process of self-extraction I used to find myself spreadeagled on my face. . . . There I would lie spitting and squirming, a prey to any but the friendliest of felines.

Mr. Gandar Dower's confidence grew rapidly. He used up a whole roll of Leica film on a band of elephants only twenty yards away, only discovering afterwards he had forgotten to screw on the bottom of the camera. He ends his tale by saying his traps are still open, watched and baited, and there follows a report on the Spotted Lion-skin by Mr. Pocock of the National History Museum. It seems probable that since lion cubs are spotted, lions have lost their spots by living on open plains. A local race living in mountain forest may have retained its spots. Personally I am content to repeat the lines which begin:

Glory be to God for dappled things

and to look forward to an equally delightful communication when Mr. Gandar Dower goes after the Nandi Bear.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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MACMILLAN

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MANNERS*

BEHAVIOUR—social behaviour—is partly an art, partly instinct. In what is called our freer modern life, manners have come to count for a good deal less, which makes sheer manner count for a good deal more. Now that it is less vital to be correct, it becomes far more important to be acceptable. In fact, the decline of manners in the grand and fixed sense has made behaviour infinitely more difficult. A perpetual, forced recourse to instinct (the art element being discredited) gives our friends a harassed, unstable air. There is no longer the safety of a prescribed world, of which the thousand-and-one rules could be learnt, in which one could be taught one's bearings exactly, through which one could steer one's way instructed and safe. The world, even the great world, can have, in an age of manners, held no more terrors than does the Hyde Park Corner traffic, with its apparent complexity, for the unassuming driver who has passed his test. For each of the occasions of society, one of the thousand-and-one rules you had learnt fitted. You knew what to do, and did it. Society went like clockwork.

This held true not only of the great world, but to any world in which people had time to meet—in which leisure, money, interest went to make a society. Societies were distinct and delimited—" Society " proper, business, professional, artistic, provincial, county, military, and so on. If marriage, a freak of taste or some sudden access of fortune caused you to move from one society to another, to take what you considered a step up in the world, you went for instruction, more or less admittedly, to some authorised person in the new society. Inappropriate behaviour was, of course, fatal, and provided, as it still does, agreeable matter for comedies and *Punch* jokes. Politeness was to an extent an affair of symbols, and an unexplored ethic lay behind. This ethic, with a recognition of the values prevailing in his particular world, was inbred in the young person—who was less likely than we are to leave the particular world into which he had been born. He stayed where he was, and knew what he must comply with. That is just the crux of the matter : *we* move about. The lives of most people now, say, in their thirties have changed inconceivably since childhood. Tradition is broken. Temperament, occupation, success or failure, marriage, or active nervous hostility to an original *milieu* have made nomads of us. The rules we learnt in childhood are as useless, as impossible to take with us, as the immutable furniture of the family home. And often, that first single world with its accepted currency has been left for not *one* new world (or set) but for half a dozen. These may overlap, but at points are widely apart : each is a little nucleus of feeling, each is quick to find the inept person or the person indelibly stamped with the stamp of another world either " queer," up-stage, a worm, a fake or a crook. The one-world man or woman, rare and often enviable, may be recognised by his or her assurance, surprised but not nonplussed silence in an unknown *milieu*, and palpable contempt for the unknown. They are less subject to feelings of persecution, and therefore make a solid minority.

Straightforward people—who tend to be one-world people : the outdoor, the extroverted or those whose standards are set by money, of which they have a safe supply—are certain they are not crooks, and therefore cannot be unnerved. They feel a simple contempt for unusual manners. But complex people are never certain that they are not crooks, never certain their passports are quite in order, and are, therefore, unnerved by the slightest thing. They are touchy judges of manners in other people, because anyone doing the wrong thing precipitates an embarrassment it is hard to forgive. They do, fundamentally, wish to please, and are therefore affectable to a fault. Their own bad manners when positive are often savage evidence of a sense of failure, when negative (such as the not answering of letters) are generally rooted in some inhibition : they have either a claustrophobic dread of committing themselves, or dread to say or write what may not be found agreeable. They are unobjective with regard to society ; their standards are entirely personal.

But this personal attitude is becoming more general, and largely rules society—or societies—outside the shrinking, traditional grand world. For that world, with its classic and unpersonal simplicities, more and more of us may be coming to feel a nostalgia to which we have no right. Or one might feel the same nostalgia for provincial societies, in which behaviour is equally exact—set. It is a case, there, of " whose service is perfect freedom." Outside the set observances, which become instinctive, which cost little, which have the value of art, one might be free to *be*, but not bound to exhibit, oneself. There were far more " personalities " in the ages of manners. But so-called free, or intelligent, society imposes a constant tax on all the powers. There is no guide here. To please, even to conform to what is expected, one must constantly draw on a private natural genius, meant for one's own pleasure or for the intimacies of love. Exhaustion, a sense of spentness and deflation, follows in many people the unconventional supper, the *longueurs* of the free-and-easy week-end. You can go wrong at any point, and by going wrong drag up a host of agonies : far too much is involved. Manners were a protection : they also stabilised one. How much more gladly would one observe ritual than be put through a series of daunting hoops.

It would be less difficult if there were not still vestigial remnants of manners. Good general-purpose manners nowadays may be said to consist in knowing how much you can get away with. Be a shade too punctilious and you are sticky ; make a little too free and you are a pariah. Fresh adjustments have to be made in every room you enter. Such good manners as we have left are, clearly, functional—they have a direct application to the routine of life. For instance, it is still a fault to be late, because you waste someone's time or risk spoiling a dinner—provided they wait for you. It is still grievous to interrupt or to talk down, because your neighbour, also, wishes to do his piece, and you should do as you would be done by. It is rude not to answer letters because that makes inconvenience. Questions from which the tabu has been partly lifted, and which are the questions you chiefly wish to ask—such as : How old are you ? How much money have you got ? What sort of people do you fall in love with ?—are still doubtful, and must be faultlessly timed. There is still a fine line between intimacy and impertinence. It is rude to stay too long, because then you begin to intrude. Love of privacy—perhaps because of the increasing exactions of society—has become in many people almost pathological. The polite person, nowadays, treats his friends as one once only treated the great : he inquires (by telephone) whether his visit at such-and-such an hour will be acceptable. The practice of

* *Can I Help You?* By Viola Tree. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

"calling"—fantastic invasion—lapsed with the poker-faced servant and the leisured hour. Where these persist one may still keep cards and call. But the person who has only one living-room, or who often answers his own door, depends for his privacy on the right-feeling of friends. He is likely to live keyed up to a dizzy point of busyness, or to be leading an intensive emotional life. It is unpardonable to walk in on a *tête-à-tête*.

In short, there are still manners, but *obvious* manners are suspect. This is a transitional period, and for a transitional period Miss Tree's book, *Can I Help You?* is written. Miss Tree has a flair for living, for enjoying herself, for getting the best out of people. She infects her book with all this: it is inspiring rather than strictly helpful in a *terre-à-terre* way. She must be a woman who sails through life. Her own method of living merges the traditional and the spontaneous. There are few worlds she does not know, and few she has quite discarded. She is detached, vital, accomplished, poised. For years she has been replying to etiquette queries out of the outer darkness for the *Sunday Dispatch*. I am sure her replies to the *Sunday Dispatch* queries must be at once more pertinent and more concrete than the delicious and rambling disquisitions in chapter after chapter of her book.

Otherwise, my reply to Miss Tree's *Can I Help You?* would be, quite firmly: No. No, I would reply, you are an exceptional person with a heritage of intelligence, dash and grace, and you know just how far the exceptional person can afford to deviate from the ways of the world. But you cannot tell me how *I* am to behave. I live (say) in Brixton: my friends are not so far *éblouis* by my presence that I can get away with anything I like. I live in Brixton, and am asking you how I should arrange the forks when my husband brings his boss home to dinner. You obviously *do* know how this should be done, but you insist on telling me of a prettier way. It is all very well for you to say: My mother used to arrange them in a sort of fan, and I remember she often put a camelia between each. . . . Or, I live in Chelsea: my friends, though they affect to be Bohemian are pretty bourgeois really, and I cannot get away with the parties you describe. . . . Or, the note I copied from your model, inviting a distinguished person to dinner, got me into trouble with my husband, who said it was too perky: that is not at all *your* type, he said. . . . Or, I live in Wimbledon and, following your instructions, cleared the drawing-room and asked sixteen friends to a studio high tea, giving them the sausages to grill on forks, like you said. I thought it would be a romp, but they all went home early and none of them have invited us out since.

Everyone will *enjoy* reading Miss Tree's book, but it is, most decidedly, a book for people who have already taken a line of their own—these will be amused by comparing their line with hers. This entirely free book is full of tact and wisdom. But those, alas! cannot be taught. This is a manual for the new society, a society loosened up by the telephone. If Miss Tree does help, in this maze of new behaviour, it is by example rather than by advice. She does, now and then, it is true, emit a conventional fact or two: I am in no sort of position to check up on these, but they seem to me valid. She is encouraging in so far as she shows what pleasant times may be had. Her moral is: Be yourself.

But how this can take it out of you!

Elizabeth Bowen

STUBBS REDIVIVUS

The Constitutional History of Medieval England. By J. E. A. Jolliffe. *Black.* 15*s.*

Studies in the Constitutional History of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries. By B. Wilkinson. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The appearance of a study of English constitutional history which can, without any sense of incongruity, be placed upon the same shelf as the three volumes of Stubbs and Maitland's famous lectures is something of an event. And it is a timely event, for much water has flowed under the bridges since the great bishop of Oxford laid the foundations of the subject. It may be true, as Mr. Jolliffe says, that "in one field only has a wholesale addition been made to the corpus of constitutional history," but important work has been done in many fields. Our knowledge of the pre-Conquest period has been deepened and diversified by the spade-work of many scholars, not least by that of Mr. Jolliffe himself. The rise and significance of the baronial opposition in the thirteenth century has been elucidated. Much has been written and is still being written on the early history of Parliament, Stubbs' account of which (to quote a witty Cambridge scholar) "resembles the book of Genesis in two important respects—it describes an act of creation and it no longer commands general acceptance." Finally, Professor Tout's monumental labours have laid bare the working of that side of government, which was carried on through the domestic offices (the "wholesale addition" referred to by Mr. Jolliffe), and have enabled the constitutional history of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to be better understood in the light of our new knowledge of administration.

There was beginning to be urgent need for someone to survey the contributions brought by research to all these problems, to set them in their perspective and to reinterpret the constitutional development of medieval England by their aid. This is what Mr. Jolliffe has done, and it is difficult to see how it could have been done better. The book is brilliantly planned and written and the new work is used very judiciously. The curial and conciliar aspects of Parliament are brought out and Tout's researches have been utilised to add a new and important actor, the Civil Service, to the old triangular drama of Church and Baronage and Crown in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. But while recent research is weighed and fitted into its place, it never runs away with the writer. The book is strongly marked throughout by an original mind, which pours all that it receives into its own mould; thus it has none of the aridity of the usual text-book and preserves the same sort of artistic unity, which we have been accustomed to admire in its great predecessors.

Mr. Jolliffe has hitherto been known to historians as the author of a number of provocative essays, in which he has laid stress upon local differences and upon the indestructibility of the mark set upon England by the peoples who colonised her before the Normans, so that in customs, field systems, unit of taxation and a hundred other ways the feudal map preserves faintly, like a palimpsest, the outline of the heptarchic kingdoms. The same insistence upon the importance of the Germanic element ("the idiom," as he has said elsewhere, "of the first England, which feudal England translated rather than transformed") appears in this book, and in emphasising it Mr. Jolliffe is in the great tradition of Stubbs, though he wears his Stubbs with a difference. He has Stubbs' strong sense, too, of communities and of the community. His thesis is that the predominant theme in the institutions of the first thousand years of English history is the system of law and the function of the community to change it. The fundamentals remained unchanged; but generation after generation sought them in its own way, by popular assembly in the Anglo-Saxon age, by the common council in the age of feudalism, later by the continual council and Parliament. "A Parliament embodying a Communes'—Commons'—House the elected representatives of shires and boroughs," he says, in a pregnant passage, "is as natural an outcome of the age in which community is the basis of political thought as is the witenagemot of that of law-worthy folk, or the *commune concilium* of tenants-in-chief of that of the feudal honour." In a striking characterisation of the fifteenth century he urges that "the idea did not fail, nor was its realisation entirely frustrated, until the mass of individuals began to lose their vision of the community and to grasp at immediate material interest, until wealth and private power ceased to stand in any organised relation to the state." Then the medieval constitutionalism in local and central government failed, the long history of feudal England drew to its close and all was ready for that new experiment in the maintenance of order which we call the Tudor despotism.

Mr. Jolliffe supports his thesis with apt illustration and acute discussion; and he has a whole series of admirable *aperçus*, summing up the character of each of the periods under discussion. If any criticism rises to the mind after a perusal of the book, it is a criticism not of Mr. Jolliffe's treatment of constitutional history, but of the whole method of treating aspects of history in separate compartments, which occasionally gives to them, and especially to the history of institutions, a somewhat artificial air. Mr. Jolliffe argues very powerfully, for instance, that feudalism was a Norman importation, which did not and could not exist in Anglo-

Christmas **PETER DAVIES** Suggestions

General

THE GREENWOOD HAT — by *J. M. Barrie.* To be published for the first time on Nov. 29th, *The Greenwood Hat* is all there will ever be of *J. M. Barrie's* autobiography. With a number of very interesting illustrations. 8/6.

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Saxon times because of the absence of the idea of the *feudum* or fee. This gives a shifting and impermanent character to the great complexes of Saxon land-right as compared with the Norman fiefs and honours and "the form taken by the English law of property was therefore the greatest factor in determining the evolution of social relations." But is not this to take an excessively narrow view of social relations and merely to perpetuate that legalistic bias, which has for so long hampered the study of social history? Some of Mr. Jolliffe's own observations would appear to provide the best commentary upon it:

> Lordship over peasants settled upon the land of great men had by the tenth century some quality which made it different in kind from normal lordship, more real and enduring. . . . The persistence with which such masses of land-right preserved their unity and were transferred from owner to owner unbroken, suggests that even in the Saxon age the Midland cultivators were involved in a lordship which could not be shaken off. . . . Precisely in that part of England where villainage was the rule in later days, the open fields, the interlocked tenements of the village and the common ploughs made the agricultural community almost indissoluble, and the greater number of such communities were under a single lord who was also its greatest proprietor.

The historian who keeps his social, economic and constitutional history all in the same box might be disposed to say, "Doubtless this is not the legal feudalism of a later age, but if it is not feudalism of a sort, what is it?" At all events, it can be excluded only by a very narrow definition of feudalism, in which the eye is fixed firmly on the upper classes and the great honours rather than on the working masses and the great estates, on the letter of the law rather than on the facts of life. Also, is it really true to say that "tenure by copy of court roll was giving a new stability even to villain right," in view of what happened to copyhold tenants under the pressure of economic circumstances in the sixteenth century? These are, however, criticisms less of Mr. Jolliffe than of history as she is wrote. Accepting the constitutional framework, the book is brilliant, stimulating and learned and will provide many teachers of constitutional history and students working in other fields with precisely the survey that they need.

Mr. Wilkinson's book is a study of a different sort. It consists of a series of essays on some of the main problems of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century constitutional history and is one of those modest and solid pieces of constitutional thinking which are building up our new conception of the period. He examines the findings of recent research and criticises them acutely and soberly, but not without *verve*. He, too, is in the tradition of Stubbs and his refusal to be swept off his feet by an exclusively judicial and conciliar interpretation of Parliament and his insistence that it was the king's way of consulting the nation, are perhaps a partial and timely reaction to an older view. On the other hand he brings out, like Mr. Jolliffe, the fact that it was the development of the beaurocracy which really transformed the constitution of the later medieval state and considers that this development, together with the persistence of medieval political traditions, offers the best basis on which to interpret constitutional development during the period. A valuable book, full of clear thinking and refreshingly well written.

EILEEN POWER

BEHEMOTH AND BOGYMAN

Blasting and Bombardiering. Autobiography, 1914-1926.
By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

I am a Lewis fan. His books collect on my shelves, whether I like them or not. *Paleface, Doom of Youth, Hitler, Left Wings Over Europe, The Revenge for Love, Count Your Dead*—shall I ever look at those again? No; yet there they are. Others—the bigger and better ones—from time to time I re-read by Lewis's own prescription, the dipper's, or, as he calls it, the "taxi-driver's test." *The Childermass* is full of lucky dips; in fact it is all lucky dips and has never let me down yet; except when, on one occasion opening it at the beginning, I read to the end. Some boredom, alas, as from a favourite brand of cigarette, the Lewis fan must be prepared for. But there are compensations. The initial conversion (*Apes of God* or *The Childermass*, followed by *Time and Western Man*), is superb; once the Lewis idea has got you, there will always be a corner of your mind where mandrills play. *Tarr, The Wild Body, The Art of Being Ruled* are then discovered—each, in its way, a revelation. By this time, if you have the taste for a writer who blends Blakean energy with the jocularity of a Dickens, who could depict a liftful of people as though they were a furious problem in Euclid and make you laugh in doing so, you can count yourself a fan. The Lewis paradoxes no longer startle; his curiosity of vision remains.

That is the thing that, in the best sense, a reader never "gets over." He may tire of certain jokes and personal obsessions, and an explosive monotony which would end by making one sense-deaf, but the queer eye, like a telescope trained on the moon, will always bring him back. Writing of beauty, Lewis once pointed out that the face of a beautiful woman, sufficiently enlarged, would resemble a shell-pocked battlefield. The precariousness of our point of view, by which we hold on to beauty, truth, good sense and a whole world of platitude, is illustrated on every page of Lewis's extraordinary prose. Into the description of the simplest action, say a yawn, he will interpose between commas his lantern slide. Not flattering—and most people read books in order to be flattered. When Lewis has finished with humanity we would gladly turn to *Candide* as to a fairy tale.

We have paid for our seats and worn our best, the lights have gone down; the curtain rises, the spotlights play; and there, instead of Mr. Cochran's latest spectacle, the whole scene has been turned round to face a curtain of goggling dummies; we are looking back-stage; and so we continue to look, speechless and unable to leave our seats, for hours, for days, for eternity.

As backing for comedy of the old Anglo-Saxon sort this view of Lewis's is invaluable. His writing gets what his pictures miss—the joke. The wheels and pulleys groan, and he makes us laugh—critics faced with so strange a phenomenon tend to be far too solemn. Long before the Marx Brothers came on the scene Lewis had Grouchoed up and down the universe—with a metaphysical bias, of course. The farce of the human situation has rarely been more diabolically presented. But outside the puppets there is the showman; and here—for me at any rate—the joke gets too complicated. For, not content with presenting a comic scene, Lewis makes it the inner box of a nest of boxes: it's funny for us all to be alive, and to be such fools; it's funny to show us being such fools; it's funny making us out bigger fools than we are; it's especially funny for Lewis to be the one, with playful slaps and leers, who demonstrates all this. Damn it all, one thinks, he must really be God; and one turns to the photograph of a polite gentleman in a Mexican hat, sucking a pipe, which all the newspapers display from time to time as Mr. Wyndham Lewis. The other idea, that he is the Devil, is supported with equal authority in his writings.

Lewis's best work is also his densest and most egotistical—that's his chief fault, I think. The incomparable scope and detail of *The Childermass* is frittered away in a war of self and not-self, Lewis *v.* The Rest. It attempts to create a universe; many might prefer the artist colony of *Tarr*. As well as this shift of aim, he shows uncertainty by addressing different books to different readers. For some time now he has been jocularly lowbrow. While the Enemy was a good mask in its place and time, I find the new Bogyman (listen, you mutts) depressing. *Blasting and Bombardiering* is much the best book of this new regime, perhaps because for its material it goes back to the period of *Tarr* and after. Except for passages where the author pauses to explain to those who haven't read his works that he is a genius, it is very good indeed.

The autobiography falls into two halves: Lewis's life as a revolutionary writer in London, 1914–26, and the war years in between. His account of the war, brisk and personal, is the most convincing I have read.

> The next battery to us lost a couple of officers a week after I arrived. As usual, "reinforcements" were available almost at once, in the shape of a buxom little subaltern with cane and kit-bag complete, who stepped briskly out of the battery sidecar, before their Mess dug-out, took a couple of steps forward, and was hit in the jaw by a splinter from a "five-nine," which had unexpectedly landed a few yards away. He was put back—but this time in a recumbent position—in the sidecar, and returned at top speed to the base from which he had arrived.

Throughout the war he remained, he tells us, neutral, travelling as it were *incognito*; his job as bombardier and gunnery officer favoured detachment. "A gunner does not fight. He merely shells and is shelled." From observation posts he now and then caught sight of a German. On one trip to the front line

> We met an infantry party coming up, about ten men, with earthen faces and heads bowed, their eyes turned inwards, as it seemed, to shut out this too-familiar scene. As a shell came rushing down beside them they did not notice it. There was no side stepping death if this were where you *lived*. It was worth *our* while to prostrate ourselves. We might escape, in spite of death. But *they* were its servants.

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There are admirable descriptions of no-man's-land ("a red desert, more African than lunar"), of crowds in London at the outbreak of war, of the men he lived with in France—realistic, horrifying, at times comic, in his least mannered style. No one else, so far as I know, has written with equal sense about the futility and the romance of war. He stresses the last, which writers have tended to forget.

> Need I say there is nothing so romantic as war? If you are a "romantic," you have not lived if you have not been present at a battle, that I can assure you. I am very sorry to have to say this. Only a care for the truth compels me to avow it. . . . You have only to think for a moment: the dark night with the fearful flashing of a monstrous cannonade—all the things that do not come into the picture, which *are not seen*, in other words, but which are suggested in its darkest shadows—what could be more technically "romantic" than that? . . . Of course it would be impossible to overstate the contribution of the guns to these great romantic effects. . . . It is they who provide the orchestral accompaniment. It is they who plough up the ground till it looks literally "like nothing on earth." It is they who transform a smart little modern township, inside an hour, into a romantic ruin, worthy of the great Robert himself, or of Claude Lorrain. They are likewise the purveyors of "shell shock," that most dramatic of ailments. And, lastly, they give the most romantic and dramatic wounds of all. . . .

As a description written by a man of great imagination and sense, who is not merely "living between two wars," these hundred or so pages are unsurpassed.

The rest of the book is valuable as literary history, and often brilliantly funny—the story of Joyce, Eliot and Ezra Pound's "prize packet," for example, or of Ronald Firbank trying to sit for his portrait while Lewis gazed at his protruding teeth, is pure *Tarr*. And, writing about himself, Lewis is for once straightforward, though even here, for a chapter or two at the beginning, he masquerades as "Cantleman," a character from *Blast*. It is not, perhaps, quite autobiography, or even a section of one—rather, the long kite-tail from which one has to guess at a kite up in the clouds. This the Lewis fan will expect. Personally, I have not enjoyed any book by its author so much since the first half of *Snooty Baronet*. And it's a great deal better than that; worthy, in its way, to append to *Tarr*.

G. W. Stonier

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A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING

The House that Hitler Built. By Stephen H. Roberts. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

I have often wondered how you could make "the man in the street" understand what National Socialism really is. Academic Marxism may demonstrate to the intelligent that Hitler is the product of monopoly capitalism, but suburbia is not impressed since it neither knows nor cares what monopoly capitalism is. Nor would it trust *émigrés* like Conze, for it suspects that they are partisan, while experts of the class of Arthur Rosenberg are too objective to arouse its interest. Even the novel is not really effective, for after all it *is* a novel and so is treated as a dream, murky but comfortably remote. Theorists, *émigrés*, imaginative writers—in all of them "the man in the street" misses that essential sanity and fair-mindedness which insular self-satisfaction alone can produce.

No one can persuade "the man in the street" except "the man in the street" himself, with his muscular Christianity, his ignorance of Labour movements, his hatred of militarism and Government fuss. But "the man in the street" is not usually a trained observer, nor does he often write books. And so the average middle-class Englishman is perplexed about Germany; he feels that the Left has got away with its anti-Nazi propaganda too easily. "Of course the atrocities were damned unpleasant, but after all the Jews are the limit sometimes and there's no denying the Hitler Youth look a fine lot." These feelings are given a new moral note by his hazy recollection that Germany got a raw deal at Versailles and that the French invaded the Ruhr. He grows indignant with eternal anti-Fascism and wants someone like himself to go to Germany with an open mind and tell him what is going on.

Now at last his wish has been realised. Mr. Roberts is an Australian, but by a fortunate gift of Providence he has been uniquely endowed both with excellent powers of observation *and* with the average British outlook. He is indeed that rarest of all phenomena, a completely normal Englishman. Every attitude is correct. "The Germans have never wanted democracy; they crave for authority, and respect the strong arm. They do not want individual freedom" (p. 42). Very properly he is totally ignorant of Russia and can equate the German *gau* with the Russian Soviet. His history too has the unconscious nationalistic slant of the sound Briton, who can persuade himself that of the six members of the first Revolutionary Government ten were Jews; and that the Republic was for ever associated in the minds of the masses with the "stab in the back," although that lie was only invented in November, 1919, and refuted in open court in 1925 by the concerted efforts of all the Left-Wing Parties. Most indicative of his British fair-mindedness is the following description of the 1918 revolution:

> The German masses felt no pride in the new leaders, just as they felt no regret when the assassin's bullets reached Rosa Luxembourg, Karl Liebknecht, Kurt Eisner, and Rathenau.

At this rate Mr. Roberts thinks that no Englishman felt any pride in Keir Hardie, A. J. Cook or Lord Rhondda.

I have referred to these passages not to discredit Mr. Roberts, but to show that he is well-disposed to see the best in Hitler. Their fantastic inaccuracy should deter nobody from reading his book. On the contrary they should be taken as proof of his unparalleled suitability as a juror in the case of democracy against Fascism. If he condemns, who can praise?

Mr. Roberts stayed five months during 1936–7 in Germany. Not unexpectedly, in view of the passages I have quoted, he was given every help and encouragement by the Nazis. He has probably seen more of party organisation than any other (living) author, and he has known intimately all the big shots. For this reason his sketches of the Nazi personalities are among the best I have read. He really knows Hitler, Schacht and Himmler, and finds the last an amiable companion. Without a doubt he enjoyed his German tour immensely and this enjoyment gives a pleasant buoyancy to his book. Happily insensitive to republican pangs he could immerse himself in the new life of the nation and look to the future without regret for the past.

There are many who feel that they cannot trust a Tory Democrat to study Germany for fear that he will like it. Such an attitude betrays a quite unjustifiable respect for the Nazis. The Socialist who terrifies his countrymen with accounts of the crushing efficiency of the Nazi machine is conjuring up a devil out of his own unconscious fears and unsuspectingly dishing out Nazi propaganda. Hitler wants us to believe that he has built a perfect

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Just because he was not blinded by such delusions Mr. Roberts has produced the first complete exposure of Nazi bullyboy. Untroubled by Leftist theory he has seen the facts and described the chaotic conflict of motives and interests in the new Germany. Seen through the eyes of a normal unpolitical Australian the gigantic machine of National Unification appears as a fantastic Heath Robinson apparatus, an example of organisation run mad. The Party with its over-lapping sections and sub-sections may reduce unemployment, but it certainly hinders Government. The Agricultural controls and the costly drive to increase production have had the opposite effects to those intended. Production has decreased, prices have soared and, ironically enough, the middlemen who were Hitler's best supporters have been crushed. Things are no better when we turn to autarchy or military self-sufficiency. After a careful examination Mr. Roberts concludes that this too is a myth. On any long-term view Germany is ruining even her military strength by her attempts to insulate her production from the rest of the world. Wherever he looks Mr. Roberts finds the same story—a colossal administrative structure, a colossal practical failure. Even the reduction of the unemployment figures to 1,000,000 looks sheer when the Nazis themselves boast that winter relief was given to 12½ millions of people.

In the last section of the book Mr. Roberts turns to Foreign Policy and in spite of his bias he reluctantly reaches the same conclusions which the Socialist reached some years ago. War is the only conceivable method open to Germany of obtaining any of her foreign political objectives, just as war is the only way out of her internal economic difficulties, and between Europe and war stands one man, the illusive and debonair Dr. Schacht, who has kept Germany going through three long years of financial manipulation, but knows that he is fighting a rearguard action against forces which will finally overpower him and push the country into the abyss.

Mr. Roberts draws no theoretical conclusions: his sane confidence in capitalism is untouched by his German experiences. I suspect that he is still a sound imperialist and still thinks Marxism crazy and Socialism sentiment. It is precisely because of this that his book is the most valuable work on Germany since Calvin Hoover. It is competently written in an unassuming and unimaginative style, it is scrupulously honest, meticulously compiled and unbelievably dull. In spite of the regime, and yet it is better, anti-Nazi propaganda than any book written by a Socialist which I have read. I recommend it to all Right Book Club readers and to those of the Left Book Club who can digest facts even when they are presented to them by a Conservative. R. H. Crossman

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The Bravest Soldier, Sir Rollo Gillespie. By Rice Hamilton. *Blackwood.* 12s. 6d.

Lear. By Frank Whitehouse. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

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Several biographies have on me in effect the soporific, so easy thing for a biographer to come by and many of them have caused with stupefying extroversion. Not one of the four makes quotable or tiresome reading. Not one of them, not one lives up to the claims of a life of action; but there is something in the composition of soldier or adventurer that begins by stimulating and ends by exhausting the reader's interest, so that he is left with an increased respect for more cosmic characters. Over a time, his dashing heroism is inclined to pall. Fortunately, the complete extrovert is never met with; but it is an illuminating fact that, among men of action, there is a strong, though concealed, tendency to introspection (seldom carried far enough to be attached to poetic reverie, of the kind exemplified by Napoleon when he announced that he looked forward to a period of peace, plenty and universal brotherhood that would make it possible for him, accompanied only by his wife, to drive round Europe in a rustic gig! Such moments frequently occurred in the life of Shivaji. Mr. Dennis Kincaid's story of *The Grand Rebel* who defied Aurangzeb, awed the East India Company and helped to lay foundations of the Maratha Empire, is certainly the most entertaining book on the list. Here and there, one detects a certain insidious "*must have*" or "*must surely have*" in Mr. Kincaid's writing; there are occasions when (cf. Kincaid: "*This must have been the happiest moment of his life*" *Presently he would call Shivaji*) every reference is carefully documented, but the narrative is smooth and readable, if sometimes irritating, and it concerns an exceedingly remarkable man.

Shivaji was an adventurer, and a successful one, who, at least, by torture—to him a normal instrument of policy—by his favourite religious [illegible] stormy, exciting [illegible] experience moods of [illegible] contemplated [illegible] Otherwise, he [illegible] a petty hill chieftain [illegible] the powerful [illegible] whole forces of [illegible] recognition of [illegible] and possessed [illegible] against Aurangzeb [illegible] point, found [illegible] journey to the [illegible] was imprisoned [illegible] whose character [illegible] was not only [illegible] and considerable [illegible] from village to [illegible] levels and more [illegible] immediately raises [illegible]

Mr. Kincaid [illegible] unlike most characters [illegible] filled in the background with [illegible] ary portraits. Here, for example, [illegible] oriental Philip II, the ascetic centre [illegible] court, devout, mistrustful, melancholy [illegible] brothers and imprisoned his father without [illegible] is the chivalrous old Rajput general, [illegible] despatched to quell the impudent Shivaji [illegible] on his campaigns by an Italian adventurer [illegible]

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military and political instrument, and his fiercest opponents in this country seem to agree with him!

Just because he was not blinded by such delusions Mr. Roberts has produced the first complete exposure of Nazi ballyhoo. Untroubled by Leftist theory he has seen the facts and described the chaotic conflict of motives and interests in the new Germany. Seen through the eyes of a normal unpolitical Australian the gigantic machine of National unification appears as a fantastic Heath Robinson apparatus, an example of organisation run mad. The Party with its over-lapping sections and sub-sections may reduce unemployment, but it certainly hinders Government. The Agricultural controls and the costly drive to increase production have had the opposite effects to those intended. Production has decreased, prices have soared and, ironically enough, the middlemen who were Hitler's best supporters have been smashed. Things are no better when we turn to "autarchy" or military self-sufficiency. After a careful examination Mr. Roberts concludes that this too is a myth. On any long-term view Germany is ruining even her military strength by her attempts to insulate her production from the rest of the world. Wherever he looks Mr. Roberts finds the same story—a colossal administrative structure, a colossal practical failure. Even the reduction of the unemployment figures to 1,000,000 looks queer when the Nazis themselves boast that winter relief was given to 12½ millions of people.

In the last section of the book Mr. Roberts turns to Foreign Policy and in spite of his bias he reluctantly reaches the same conclusions which the Socialist reached some years ago. War is the only conceivable method open to Germany of obtaining any of her foreign political objectives, just as war is the only way out of her internal economic difficulties, and between Europe and war stands one man, the illusive and debonair Dr. Schacht, who has kept Germany going through three long years of financial manipulation, but knows that he is fighting a rearguard action against forces which will finally overpower him and push the country into the abyss.

Mr. Roberts draws no theoretical conclusions: his sane confidence in capitalism is untouched by his German experiences. I suspect that he is still a sound imperialist and still thinks Marxism crazy and Socialism sentiment. It is precisely because of this that his book is the most valuable work on Germany since Calvin Hoover. It is competently written in an unassuming and unimaginative style; it is scrupulously honest, meticulously compiled and unbelievably biased in favour of the regime. And yet it is better anti-Nazi propaganda than any book written by a Socialist which I have read. I recommend it to all Right Book Club readers and to those of the Left Book Club who can digest facts even when they are presented to him by a Conservative. R. H. Crossman

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The Grand Rebel. By Dennis Kincaid. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Bravest Soldier, Sir Rollo Gillespie. By Eric Wakeham. *Blackwood.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Lex. By Frank Whitbourn. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Maria, Lady Callcott. By Rosamund Gotch. *Murray.* 12*s.*

Several biographers have set out in search of a subject—nowadays, no easy thing for a biographer to come by—and three of them have returned with strapping extroverts. Their stories make agreeable but strenuous reading. Not for the first time one feels the charm of a life of action; but there is something in the composition of soldier or adventurer that begins by stimulating and ends by exhausting the reader's interest, so that we are left with an increased respect for more costive characters. After a time, this bustling heroism is inclined to pall. Fortunately, the complete extrovert is never met with; and it is an illuminating fact that, among men of action, there is a strong, though spasmodic, tendency to introspection (seldom carried far beneath the surface) and to poetic reverie, of the kind exemplified by Napoleon when he announced that he looked forward to a period of peace, plenty and universal brotherhood that would make it possible for him, accompanied only by his wife, to drive round united Europe in a rustic gig! Such moments frequently occurred in the life of Shivaji. Mr. Dennis Kincaid's study of *The Grand Rebel*, who defied Aurangzeb, awed the East India Company and laid the foundations of the Maratha Empire, is certainly the most entertaining book on the list. Here and there, one finds traces of overwriting; there are occasions when Mr. Kincaid descends to that insidious "*must have*" so popular with contemporary biographers ("*This must have been the happiest moment of the day for Dadaji . . . Presently he would call Shivaji*," etc., etc.), but, as a general rule, every reference is carefully accounted for. The style employed is smooth and readable, if somewhat exuberant. The story told concerns an exceedingly remarkable man.

Shivaji was an adventurer with a touch of the mystic. Once, at least, he risked death—which would probably have been death by torture—to listen in disguise to a recitation of the works of a favourite religious poet; and, again and again, during his long, stormy, exciting, dangerous and successful career, he would experience moods of appalling spiritual despondency when he contemplated complete retirement from an oppressive world. Otherwise, he was the adventurer *par excellence*. Brought up as a petty hill chieftain, Shivaji first revolted against and subjugated the powerful neighbouring city of Bijapur, then engaged the whole forces of the Mogul Empire, finally wresting from them a recognition of his independence. He was a brilliant general and possessed extraordinary physical courage. In his struggle against Aurangzeb, he underwent many vicissitudes and, at one point, found it wise to feign abject submission and make the journey to the Mogul court as a humble tributary. He arrived, was imprisoned and narrowly escaped assassination. But Shivaji (whose character had much in common with that of Odysseus) was not only a man of courage but also a person of infinite resource and considerable duplicity. He escaped from Agra, wandered from village to village in the rags of an obscure pilgrim, carrying jewels and money inside his walking-stick, returned home and immediately renewed his revolt.

Mr. Kincaid has drawn an engaging picture of Shivaji (who, unlike most characters of the kind, actually comes to life) and has filled in the background with a number of fascinating supplementary portraits. Here, for example, is Aurangzeb himself, a sort of oriental Philip II, the ascetic centre of an exquisite and luxurious court, devout, mistrustful, melancholy, who had "killed his brothers and imprisoned his father without a qualm." Here, too, is the chivalrous old Rajput general, Jai Sing, whom Aurangzeb despatched to quell the impudent Shivaji and who was attended on his campaigns by an Italian adventurer, Manucci (author of

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uncommonly amusing memoirs) and enjoyed nothing so much as playing cribbage. Lastly, the English merchants pass in procession. They were an unscrupulous body and made a profitable sideline of dealing in armaments :

> However, these guns were seldom worth the money paid for them and the English factors took a certain pleasure in recording the defects in the guns they had sold to the simple Marathas. Those despatched in 1671 are described as " Very bad within, yet they may last a while " ; those sold in 1672 as " old, defective guns with great holes in them " ; and the 1673 consignments as " old and defective. . . ." Sometimes, too, the English, while promising to supply Shivaji with guns and even ships, left prematurely " A hole to creep out of their Agreement " and broke their promises.

At Surat, they kept up a particularly splendid establishment ; and

> the president of the English company always appeared in public with the same state as a noble of the Imperial Court. Preceded by a white Horse of State, by trumpeters and mace-bearers, and by a " Flag-man carrying St. George, his Colours Swallow-tailed in Silk, fastened to a Silver Partisan," he reclined in a palanquin while servants fanned him with ostrich feathers. His factory was the richest in Surat. . . . The French factory was of less importance, being " better stor'd with Monsieurs than with cash."

After *The Grand Rebel*, with its glimpses of Mogul splendour, Maratha courage and English commercial magnificence, *The Bravest Soldier* seems comparatively bleak. Sir Rollo Gillespie was brave and resourceful but little more. He was a born fighter rather than a great tactician or an adroit administrator ; and it is difficult to visualise him as a likeable man. Through the smoke of battle, he looms up gaunt, angular, whiskered, always in the forefront of the conflict, never at a loss for prompt and decisive action when action was necessary, falling sword in hand on the blood-stained threshold of a Gurkha fort. He was just and firm ; but he could be pitilessly savage. And, after the mutiny at Vellore (which he had quelled with an astonishing display of hardihood) we learn that " upwards of a hundred Sepoys were placed, by Gillespie's orders, against a wall and fired at with canister shot from the guns till all were killed." The book is not attractive ; but it deserves to be read—even by the least military-minded—as a study of the origins of the British Empire. First come the merchants with their broken promises, defective cannon and huge personal profits ; secondly, soldiers of the Gillespie type, brave, often incorruptible, devoted to duty as they understood it, but unimaginative and limited as human fighting-cocks.

Alex Devine was an adventurer in a different field. To enjoy this biography, it is essential that the reader should be interested in schoolmastering and not intolerant of the pedagogic character. For successful schoolmasters, like successful actors, have many drawbacks. They must be accomplished showmen. They must have ready tongues. They must be interested both in education pursued as an abstract aim and in adolescents considered as human material ; and one cannot help suspecting that the adult whose life is passed among adolescents, and whose preoccupations, emotional and intellectual, are centred upon human beings very much younger than himself, is bound to develop certain weaknesses. Thus, many competent schoolmasters are accomplished humbugs. *Lex*, the founder of Clayesmore School, was apparently no exception ; and, in composing his biography, Mr. Whitbourn has not attempted to disguise his subject's failings, though he has done his best to present them in an agreeable light. Devine was an extravagant visionary, with a visionary's egotism :

> Although he commanded loyalty, it made Lex angry—such was his jealousy—to think that there was anyone in the school, boy or master, so passionately devoted to it as himself. It was *his* school, and no one should take it from him, or take from him the affection of his boys. He revelled in the knowledge that no one else loved the place or the boys as he did. It was with him a devouring passion ; and the intoxication of being devoured was now the constant stimulant upon which he lived.

It is arguable that the education of the young should be undertaken in a somewhat less emotional and slightly more scientific spirit—that Devine's version of muscular Christianity had serious shortcomings ; but Devine himself was an odd and genial figure. He was worldly yet sentimental—effusive yet cunning—everything but a pattern of conventional rectitude.

In conclusion, a respectable but prosy volume. *Maria, Lady Callcott*, author of *Little Arthur's History of England*, was a charming and intelligent woman, who travelled widely, worked indefatigably and collected a large circle of distinguished friends. Yet somehow she fails to emerge from the shadows. Whereas, Shivaji, the seventeenth-century adventurer, steps out to confront us in lively relief, Lady Callcott, who died in 1842, seems as flat, remote and obscure as a faded daguerrotype. She is all activity and very little personality : yet the book contains some interesting sidelights—including a reference to Byron's schooldays at Aberdeen. The autobiographical fragment in the earlier sections would be better if it were considerably cut down.

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The Times Literary Supplement

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Prime Minister of 1929 stated, "the Iraqi nation will accept in the long run nothing short of complete independence." That she will achieve complete independence some day is a foregone conclusion.

It is the still unfinished struggle for that independence that provides the material for Mr. Ireland's study, which begins with the nationalist aspirations of pre-war Iraq and ends with the dilemma with which the country was confronted on the death of King Faisal at the beginning of the thirteenth year of his reign in September, 1933. Many and various during that period have been the reactions of British sentiment to Iraqi aspirations, but the first was as instructive as it will surely prove to be decisive. On March 25th, 1915, when the war was still young and shocking, Mr. Asquith recorded in his diary: "Grey and I . . . both think that in the real interests of our own future the best thing would be if at the end of the war we could say that we had taken and gained nothing . . . Mesopotamia for instance." Later in the same year the Government of India, however, declared that "The minimum of annexation contemplated by us has always been the wilayets of Basra and Baghdad." To which His Majesty's Government rejoined in 1917 (after the capture of Baghdad): "Basra . . . to remain permanently under British administration. Baghdad to be an Arab state . . . under British protectorate in everything but name." The Civil Commissioner (Sir Percy Cox) "now viewed the policy of H.M. Government with misgivings. . . ." "It was under the regime of the Acting Civil Commissioner (Sir Arnold Wilson) . . . that the gap widened between the original instructions of H.M. Government and local administrative opinion."

The man on the spot (Sir Arnold Wilson) did what he liked because Whitehall could not make up its mind what it would like to do. The Anglo-French proclamation of November, 1918, was still fresh in the public mind. Sir Arnold Wilson had had the courage to tear it up because he disliked it. Disliking it no less, Whitehall sought to pigeon-hole it unobtrusively. The Arabs proclaimed its contents from the house-tops. So far as Britain was concerned the altruism of war-time was dead. The old Imperialism concealed itself under the cloak of new formulae—mandates, sacred trusts, responsibility to the League of Nations. *Intidab* became as famous in the East as "that blessed word Mesopotamia" in Victorian England. Revolution was its child, born in 1920.

Then everyone had to think again. Sir Percy Cox, going out as High Commissioner, promised Iraq complete freedom to choose its future constitution and its future king. "No announcement" declared Lord Curzon "would be more welcome to us than a genuine and general expression of opinion in favour of a particular system or even of a particular ruler." That was on June 25th, 1920. On December 17th, of the same year, Lord Curzon offered the throne of Iraq to Faisal. Saiyid Talib, Minister of the Interior, protested. He was deported. "No man . . . could be allowed to call in question the sincerity of the promises of the British Government!" On June 14th, Mr. Churchill made it clear "that there is no intention . . . of forcing a particular ruler on the people—it is desired that there will be complete freedom of choice. . . ." At the same time it was intimated "that no other candidate (than Faisal) would be considered." Space does not permit examination of the efforts to which the succeeding decade was devoted, to reconcile the complete independence of Iraq with complete British control of its administration. With the Assyrian massacres and the Baqir Sidqi *coup d'état* to its credit, Iraq is winning on points if it can avoid a knock-out blow in the rounds to come.

Mr. Ireland has marshalled the tale with outstanding skill. For the period up to the end of 1920 he is perhaps at his best, and Sir Arnold Wilson's ideals and policy come in for a good deal of just (and severe) criticism. For the succeeding interregnum (1920–21) he has either been unable to secure adequate data or has shrunk from the telling of a far from creditable story. With Faisal on the throne, he picks up the scent again for a good run to the death. He ends then on a pessimistic note regarding the future, but he will live, let us hope, to continue the story to its logical climax in the "complete and definitive liberation" of Iraq promised nearly 20 years ago. Meanwhile everyone interested in the study of political development or of British imperial policy should read *Iraq*. It is a great book and its author should be heard of again.

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writes Elizabeth Bowen in her introduction, and she goes on to agree with Maugham, that the greatest influences on the English short story have been Maupassant and Tchehov. This influence she brilliantly analyses. But in the selection that follows one is constantly being reminded that there are other influences—Poe, Pater, Henry James, for instance—whose work still greatly affects short-story writers. There is really no difference between the *Widow of Ephesus* or *Daphnis and Cloe* and a modern short story. The former is pure Maugham. Miss Bowen makes a distinction between the real short story and the novelist's short story or "condensed novel." But the stories of Henry James are not condensed novels. *The Pupil* or *The Turn of the Screw* show just the "urgent aesthetic necessity" which she denies them. And one story which she includes, Huxley's *Tillotson Banquet*, just as obviously doesn't. I think Miss Bowen's introduction to this book is one of the profoundest analyses of the short story that have been made, but I think she idealises the short story in it, and is inclined to claim for it a position that it has not yet obtained.

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of common experience soar past an altitude-line into poetry. There is also a level immediately below this, on which life is being more and more constantly lived, at which emotion crystallises without going icy, from which a fairly wide view is at command. This level the short story is likely to make its own.

That is her future for the short story; on a Parnassus where the poets possess the summit it flourishes from a little way beneath, as the prose poem, down to the tree level where the fiction forest of novels spreads impenetrable.

There are twenty-six stories in the selection. Miss Bowen leaves out Kipling, Wells, and Bates as being too well known. Katharine Mansfield is not available. The spooky writers, M. R. James, Algernon Blackwood, Arthur Machen, are also omitted, as are the crime ones. All the stories, except a Lawrence, are by living writers, who are all novelists as well, and most of them have been written in the last ten years. By leaving out the ghost story and the murder story and, of course, the American story, Miss Bowen gives far more unity to her selection. The subjects do not distract you, the stories depend more on their technique. The only really important omission is Christopher Isherwood, whose *Nowaks* and *Evening at the Bay* are outstanding. I think one of them should have replaced *The Bomb Shop* and also that a better Maugham should have been chosen. *The Outstation* (from *The Casuarina Tree*) is my favourite of his shorter stories. Here are some notes on the subjects.

Proletarian. Six stories. I call a proletarian story one in which the writer appears, or rather disappears, as a member of the class he writes about. Where the writer stands between the working class and the reader, commenting or explaining, the story is not proletarian. Calder Marshall's is the best of them because it is the most militant. Although all the six are good writers, his stands out because his hero does not endure intolerable blows of fate, like James Hanley's, and then jump into the ship's furnace, but takes a crowbar, kills a policeman in a strike and gets away. The point is that most of us who read highbrow short stories are not mill-owners; we have read so many harrowing accounts of working-class conditions (which we have not ourselves got the power to better) that our response to these horrors is feeble. Jumps into the furnace does he! Dear, dear! But a real revolutionary story like Calder Marshall's *One of the Leaders* or his *I Want My Suitcase Back* is impressive. It has a happy ending.

The Green, Halward, and Hanley stories belong to the "hard-luck? well-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it?" school. Hanley has some good dialogue but ruins it by borrowing the highly individual method of Henry Green's *Living* for expressing his sailor's thoughts. This is unfair to himself, for he is quite unable to manage it, and extremely unfair to Henry Green, for nothing is so damaging to a creative artist as to imitate him badly and without acknowledgment. O'Connor's *Peasants* is lighter. O'Faolain's *Bomb Shop* seemed to me unreal and inconclusive.

Seven personal-relations stories, two on theme of adolescent anarchism (young people rebelling against hypocrisy of elders), of which E. M. Forster's *Other Kingdom* is perhaps the most pleasing piece of art in the book. Spender's *Haymaking* is the other. Sackville West's *Hellmuth Lies in the Sun* is rather too intense. Elizabeth Bowen's *The Disinherited* is very fine. Also good are Lawrence, Quennell, Plomer. Childhood provides matter for a very good De la Mare, and Osbert Sitwell, and a fine Joyce (the only story except a superficial Maugham to be written in the first person) and animals supply subjects for Coppard, Colburn Mayne, and Liam O'Flaherty. The latter's *Wounded Cormorant* I thought one of the most original stories in the book—a brief, lyrical piece of documentary film with a moral which only begins to do its work after twenty-four hours. Of the two satirical stories I am not sure about *The Tillotson Banquet*. I think an early Huxley from his charming *Little Mexican* might have been better, but Sacheverell Sitwell's *Annual Visit* is entrancing. H. A. Manhood provides a whimsical story, Dylan Thomas a fantastic one, a prose poem that I found very disappointing and inferior to Sykes Davies' *Petron*, and Malachi Whitaker an impressive glimpse of insanity. There is also a good story by Beachcroft which I could not place. There are many other ways one could have gone over these stories, grading them by the depth at which they are written (Maugham's on the surface, Whitaker's and Thomas's very far down), or by the relation of author to the story he tells. Maugham, Huxley, De la Mare, Quennell, the Sitwells, for instance, treat the reader as their well-educated and leisured intellectual equal. Others scream at him or nag, some look him in the eyes and some look over his shoulder.

In fact I do not think you will find a more intelligent collection of English short stories very easily, and they should, incidentally, cure you of Damon Runyon. One word of advice; when you have read all the stories read Elizabeth Bowen's introduction again. It is one of the clearest and most far-reaching analyses of the modern short story, and if, as seems likely, it is to be the ideal length for the modern writer, the quarter-mile for the athlete who finds the lyric too much of a sprint and the novel too much of a marathon, there is no better trainer.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE MYSTIC IN POLITICS

Civitas Dei. Vol. III. By LIONEL CURTIS. *Macmillan.* 5s.

It is not easy to be satisfied with the conclusions of Mr. Curtis' long treatise unless one is in sympathy with its original postulates. Mr. Curtis is essentially a mystic who has found in the Christian revelation myths, the fulfilment of which he looks for in the historic process. The result is that his recommendations are, despite the urgency with which they are put forward, bound to seem a little bare and jejune to anyone who cannot share his insights.

He is concerned, above all, with the life of the spirit; and this for him, is coincident with the great principles of Christianity. Whether, a little tentatively, he is rejecting the experiment of the League, or recommending, apparently in all seriousness, a new unified administration of Great Britain and the Pacific Dominions as a more fruitful experiment in world government, it is with a fuller life of the spirit that he is concerned. But the trouble with Mr. Curtis, for the outsider, is that while his various specifics all seem to him immanent truths of history, they do not come to the outsider with any objective argument in their support other than the immense faith Mr. Curtis has in them. At bottom, this is less the historical study of politics, in the scientific sense of the term, than the expression of a deeply felt religion which has convinced its possessor, but is never really set out in rational terms.

Mr. Curtis is eloquent on man's duty to his God and his neighbour. What he never really explains is how man can come to see that duty in his terms. He is eloquent in his conviction that without such a deepening sense of duty this world of ours will fail to solve its problems. But, at the end of all his rhetoric, deeply felt though it obviously is, he offers us an incantation rather than a remedy. His new unit of government that is to renew the youth of the world will not come until men in his own mood seek first the Kingdom of God. But Mr. Curtis can really give them no intellectual case for that search except the warning that damnation is its alternative. I hope he is right. A world that recognised through its acceptance of an infinite duty to God an infinite duty to its fellows could hardly help being a better world than the present. But Mr. Curtis tells us nothing of how that acceptance is to be brought about. He is emphatic on our need for new and higher ideals; he has nowhere any method for enabling us to know how more people can be persuaded to recognise, and act upon, that need.

The book, therefore, remains rather a curiosity than a serious contribution to political science. It belongs to the category of works like Bossuet's philosophy of history in which the need for a realistic dynamic of causation is sacrificed to a private revelation of ultimate truth so deeply felt as to make unnecessary for the writer any sober attention to the meaning of evidence. Or, rather, Mr. Curtis, like his predecessor, has really no philosophy of history at all. Its movement deposits for him a system of moral maxims which he accepts as beyond discussion because he is convinced that behind them are the sanctions of a divine plan. For this he presents no evidence; he knows it with the eye of faith. And he appears to believe that others, too, will embrace it because they will come to share his vision of its overwhelming significance.

With faith of this kind, one cannot, of course, argue; for it does not exist upon the level that admits of rational discussion. Its validity, depends precisely upon the value of the historic testimony which seeks to prove the validity of the Christian revelation. Mr. Curtis nowhere discusses that value; if I do not misunderstand him, he appears to accept it as beyond discussion. No one who knows Mr. Curtis' work can fail to recognise that, for him, this revelation has been an urgent drive to passionate action single-minded and selfless in character. Just how far the action is related to the revelation no one save Mr. Curtis can, by reason of its mystic character, explain. A sceptic can only suspect that

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one who sees a great mission for the British empire with this eye of faith will not find it easy to deal with a Japanese who, with another faith, has in his mind's eye an equal mission for his own people. Safety in political philosophy seems to rest in the acceptance by thinkers of a plane in which the postulates of discussion are rational and universal. By rejecting this, Mr. Curtis soars into an empyrean where only similar dévots can follow him. It is yet possible that realities are revealed to the humble earthworm which escape the glance of the imperial eagle.

HAROLD J. LASKI

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Gory Night. By MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE and JANE LANGSLOW. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Eberhart's last book, *Hand in Glove*, was rather a disappointment. *The Pattern* will restore her reputation and enhance it. Some people may write more intellectually stimulating detective stories but nobody can produce sustained excitement like Mrs. Eberhart at her best. And I think *The Pattern* is the best book she has yet written. There is a fog; there is a lake; and there is the body of a detestable yet fascinating woman floating in a canoe; there are also plenty of spiders. The ingredients are the commonest thriller properties, but Mrs. Eberhart manages to infuse new life into them without letting her detective plot break loose from its moorings. Genuine detection laced with thrills is what everyone wants and what *The Pattern* provides; the book also provides a love interest which is more appropriate to the plot and therefore less of a nuisance than usual. Even the title is perfect, with its vaguely sinister meaning that is only explained by the solution. Miss Ethel Lina White is another of these women writers who can turn on the tap of excitement whenever she likes, but *The Elephant Never Forgets* has no detective skeleton and would be classed as a thriller, were it not for the restrained and realistic style in which it is written. The theme of the book is the escape from Soviet Russia of a young Englishwoman, who went there originally out of proletarian enthusiasm in the wake of a Communist viking with a golden beard and polar blue eyes. The viking's subsequent disloyalty disheartened her, so she decided to come back to England—only she found it not so easy to get out of Soviet Russia as to get in. Miss White's method of fraying the nerves is to pluck the tautening strings of hysteria until the reader lets out faint wails of anxiety. I like that sort of thing very much myself and recommend the sensation to others.

After this piquante pair of authoresses the men seem rather humdrum—even Mr. Carter Dickson has to take a back seat for once. *The Ten Teacups* provides the usual murder in an impossible situation. Someone is shot twice in the upper room of an empty house surrounded by police, while a detective sergeant is actually listening at the attic door; moreover, all the numerous suspects have unhelpful alibis. Mr. Dickson hates taking a chance with his readers. First we have to break an alibi somewhere, and then surmount the physical impossibilities. I can't say the police or "H. M." help us over the alibis as they should, and without their co-operation I felt like throwing up the case. Still there is always some fun to be got from trying to spot the winner purely by studying an author's form. Mr. Dickson, for instance, is a neat writer and likes to tuck in his loose ends. Therefore, if you fasten on to those loose ends you're more likely to get the solution by a short cut than if you follow two paces behind "H. M."

Mr. Jonathan Stagge is a competent American writer, who prefers to write in English, not American. The narrator in *Murder or Mercy* is the same Dr. Westlake who helped Inspector Cobb to solve *Murder Gone to Earth*. I enjoyed Mr. Stagge's first book, but I wished I had not read it before *Murder or Mercy*, as it affords such an overwhelming clue to the solution, which by itself is admirably contrived and ought to strike one like a thunderbolt. Even so, Mr. Stagge describes the "barrel-load of monkeys," among whom three murders occur, so graphically that foreknowledge of the conclusion did not ruin the story—and that is a rare feat in detective writing.

The late Frank Clement had only published two murder stories before he died. *Picture Him Dead* contained more thrills than detection, but was spiced with some outrageous caricatures of the legal profession. *No End of a Rogue* maintained the humorous style, but showed an improvement in the detective machinery. *Scandal at the Home Office*, his last posthumous work, is, I should say, his best. The Home Secretary is chloroformed at the Home Office by one of the Principals in the Civil Service, just as he was about to read a confidential report on the misdeeds of one of his distinguished staff. The report disappears unread; one of the staff is murdered; all are suspect. The characters of our eminent civil servants are faithfully, if somewhat mischievously, exposed; the various side-issues are invariably amusing; and the *dénouement* better than we had any right to expect.

There is an ingenious false clue in *Quickly Dead*, but I doubt whether it is ingenious enough to deceive the sly-boots who read detective stories nowadays. Inspector Burmann is a high-minded but simple-minded fellow, but what he lacks in cynicism he makes up for in conversation. Detectives must talk but nothing can excuse old Burmann's long-windedness, and always on some wild goose chase. I should like to remind Mr. Cobb that murder ought to be a *tough* proposition, not a bowlful of porridge without salt or sugar.

The last two books on the list are off the detective track. Mr. Chance, who likes motor cars more than detectives and loves a lover more than anything, has discarded detective plots completely in *Rhapsody in Fear*. A young doctor is convicted of a crime he never committed, and the book describes his soul crawling out of torment on to the beach of a pure girl's trust. The speeds of the motor cars are even more hair-raising than in Mr. Chance's previous works. Rhapsodies and parodies both make my heart sink. When I observed that the characters in *Gory Night* were Hippolyte Pommeau, Dr. Vicary, Mr. Hazard, Lord Robert Mooney (with attendant Bunyan) and Inspector Quench, I quailed. This sort of thing has been done before and will be done again, but these particular authoresses must get someone else to laugh at the uproarious fun—I have become immunised.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

BEWILDERED OPTIMIST

This is My Life. By VERNON BARTLETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Somewhere in these reminiscences the author observes that he wishes he could admire Anthony Eden more because he likes the Foreign Secretary so much. Liking Vernon Bartlett as much as I do, I wish I could say that I admired the political philosophy which he has evolved for himself after his twenty years' career as diplomatic correspondent and broadcaster. It is not admirable; intelligible though it be to those of us who also belong to the lost generation, it is a somewhat unconstructive blend of disenchantment, rage and *s'en foutisme* which militates against clear thinking. But then, the writer of this autobiography himself is at pains to disclaim any sort of admiration for Bartlett.

In so far as this book is a personal record, criticism is disarmed by the author's determination to debunk himself. He is target for the slings and arrows of every kind of ludicrous fortune. He rolls like a carpet-bale down a steep street in San Francisco, is innocent victim of racial warfare waged with empty bottles of Asti Spumante during the Genoa Conference, suffers laughable discomfitures broadcasting or seeking "copy" in half of the capitals of Europe. On a dozen occasions he indulges in the comic luxury of tears; in and out of season, at a Bruno Walter concert, on the slopes of Savoy Hill, over the rails of a Danube steam-boat he invites Bergsonian laughter by being sick. Yet despite these vicissitudes and notwithstanding the besetting sin of jealousy which he lays (quite unwarrantably) at his own door, Vernon Bartlett emerges from these pages, as he does in life, a singularly attractive personality who never made an enemy (unless it be Sir John Reith) or lost a friend. As in the case of Anthony Eden, charm has stood him in good stead.

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Spanish Civil War still raging—is excellent entertainment. In his judgments on persons—"the Duce controls the crowd and the Führer *is* the crowd"—he has real sensitivity of perception. In his comprehension of what we are being taught to call "ideologies" he seems to me less sure.

Is it really credible, as he suggests, that the union of Austria with Germany after the war would have saved the world from Nazism? Was there any good reason to believe in 1933, as he did, that "all those young men who were enthusiastic members of the Nazi movement would be able to control it and to abolish from it those abominable intolerances"? Does the existence of "poverty in the midst of plenty" logically lead, as he admits it led him, to the idea that there might be something in dictatorship? And has dictatorship really improved the lot of the peasantry of Portugal and Jugoslavia? I doubt it.

In the years during which his voice became familiar to millions of radio listeners, Vernon Bartlett confesses that he was in danger of becoming a professional optimist at the expense of realism. I suspect that his intellectual integrity was threatened always much more seriously by his innate tendency to let the wish father the thought—sometimes to the child's detriment. His desire that Germany, which he liked, should play her part in the comity of nations blinded him for years to the implications of a renaissance founded on *Mein Kampf*. Because he has always wanted to believe in progress he is capable of writing:

> Even Fascism is a form of progress, for it either puts power into the hands of a far larger section of the population . . . or it is a temporary set-back in the march of democracy which must be followed by a much greater—if much bloodier—stride forward than would be made in a democratic country.

This comes perilously near to nonsense.

And at the end of the book I cannot make out where Bartlett stands. The trade union influence bars him, he says, from the Labour Party; the Moscow trials alienate him from the Communists; "their strange blending of bloodlessness and sentimentality" repels him from the Liberals; and the Tories have been too "selfish and short-sighted about Spain" to attract his loyalties. A man without party attachments—no bad thing for a writer—he concludes with a *credo* in relation to the paramount issues of pacifism and war.

> I cannot, twice in one lifetime, cultivate so grand a crop of illusions that I believe any cause justifies the mass murder called war. I advocate every measure, including measures that involve risk of war, to check the dictators because I believe that they are at heart at least as cowardly as other people and that, unless they can be warned off dangerous territory, they must sooner or later stamp around on ideas that we hold so sacred that we shall fight to protect them.

Ought a writer who holds that no cause justifies war to advocate policies which involve the risk of it? Shall we be committing mass murder if we fight for "sacred ideas"? And if one admires and envies the faith of the members of the International Brigade, as Bartlett confesses he does, why "see nothing to choose between the Conservative and the Communist types of class warfare"?

Disenchantment takes many forms. It has led Bartlett to the distractions and solace of a Surrey garden, enraged at the stupidity of statesmen, embittered (so far as a naturally genial temperament permits) by the failure of the League, shocked profoundly by the spectacle of human nature rolling back into the beast. Stripped bare of his old optimism, he has little hope that peace will be preserved, none that war will serve any purpose. In its more serious side his autobiography is an essay in angry bewilderment.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THE VICTORIANS AGAIN

Towards the Twentieth Century. By H. V. ROUTH. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

The notorious artist who set himself to depict the soul of Switzerland upon a fan was scarcely more venturesome than an author who undertakes to survey the intellectual and spiritual life of the entire Victorian age within the compass of less than four hundred pages. And indeed it is a task that might well have daunted anyone less confident and high-hearted than Mr. Routh, who strides through the century with most effective energy and gusto, leaving his reader a trifle breathless, perhaps, at the end of the journey. The subject of the book is mainly literature; but literature in relation to life as it was then lived. The great figures of the Victorian age, though we have turned away from most of them, still seem to loom larger than our own; nor is this wholly

due to the fact that, with the disappearance of their lesser kind, they now stand isolated, each upon the pinnacle of his own achievement. They had some quality of greatness denied to us. There has passed a glory. What was it? Mr. Routh conceives it thus:

> What most impresses the student of this period is the show of confidence, even the insistence with which the writers asserted each his own adjustment, and his claim to have won to truth. . . . They were at one with life. Not, of course, with the actual circumstances in which they lived, nor with the opinions to which they had to listen, nor generally with the government to which they had to conform, nor even with the landscape which they wished to enjoy. But with something which these and such like things could promise to become. No man of culture, they might say, ought to be content with his environment, but luckily that environment is transparent. Through and beyond it he sees another world.

In fact, to put the matter briefly, the great Victorians believed in themselves and they believed in the future; in the concept of progress. They were high-minded, and of ceaseless energy. The blackest pedantries of the industrial revolution were soon beaten out of apparently unassailable logical positions, and in full retreat; and little of the ground then lost has ever been recovered. These feats are equally those of Mill and Carlyle and Spencer, as of Matthew Arnold and William Morris, and, with Hardy perhaps as the sole exception, of the great novelists of the epoch. Mr. Routh, as needs he must, travels rapidly over his ground, but his vision is keen, and his observations by the way are fresh and shrewd and well supported. Nor is he, though prone to quick and confident judgment, inclined to take the attitude of too many (it is to be feared) of his subjects—"You had better think as I tell you, or it will be the worse for you." To Carlyle he is possibly a little less than just; an author who has become, as Professor Garrod has observed, what he himself so much detested—a superstition. The vein of mysticism and inner experience in Carlyle sometimes runs deep, and, by contrast, intensifies the uprush of his brilliant humour. In neglecting Carlyle the present generation are missing one of the most entertaining writers of the last two centuries. Browning is particularly well handled by Mr. Routh, and his reference to him as "the antiquary of the human spirit" is a happy and not unfriendly bit of criticism. Over Matthew Arnold the author does find time to linger, rightly regarding him as "the most impressionable and responsive mind of his age . . ." who "tried to preserve and assert his own identity by reflecting his environment, and there were too many things to reflect." This indeed is true, in more or less degree, of many Victorian minds, and it is their strength as well as their weakness. They were passionate and they were indomitable. They must needs, like Mill and Spencer, survey the whole field of human life and organisation; but they covered more ground than they ever mastered. Nothing could dash their optimism or their energy, and though their verse is at times an outlet for inevitable weariness and disappointment, they followed the gleam until the end.

And yet, in Mr. Routh's view, it is to be gathered that they failed. There is indeed a sense in which no human achievement ever attains its intention, but what is the measure of this failure? From a purely spiritual point of view the author finds, referring to Goethe as his standard, that these writers failed to hold the balance, that they "failed to substantiate this reasoned supernaturalism among the developments of Victorian industry and science." While the encyclopaedists of the mid-century failed for reasons which the enlarged scope of human knowledge has made only too obvious. Perhaps, to be more particular, the real reason for which the twentieth century is inclined to be impatient and even contemptuous of its predecessor, is that in the nineteenth century intensity of feeling and idea so far outran constructive power. These good folk, who were so constantly panting on ahead of anything they could or did actually achieve, seem a trifle ridiculous to a sceptical twentieth century eye. With all their high-mindedness and fervour, what did they in fact actually do? What was the use of all this energy and faith, when humanity was so soon to founder? There is indeed some force in this criticism. The Victorians were inclined to vaticinate, and avert their eyes from the humbler and quotidian tasks before them. Yet let it not be forgotten that two imperishable achievements do stand to their credit, which Mr. Routh has, perhaps, hardly brought into due prominence. Most of Victorian thought may have become obsolete, but nothing can detract from the glory of the Victorian crusade against superstition. Tyndall and Huxley did in very truth bring light into darkness, and purge the human intelligence

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of nightmares that are never likely to return. They reorientated the experience of the common man. Moreover, the writings of Charles Kingsley and his school did much to destroy the dogma of class distinction, and fuse the nation into one. When Disraeli wrote "Sybil," there were in spirit as well as in brute fact (and the facts were often very brutal) Two Nations in this country. In the passage of less than half a century the English people, though by no means free of warring elements, ceased to present a spiritual cleavage, such as the eighteenth century took for granted. What was, in fact, the prime attainment of the French Revolution in France was brought about in this country by a handful of moral enthusiasts, whose writings can still stir the heart, though the cause they fought for is won. Both these achievements are characteristic of the Victorian spirit at its best—its generosity, its faith in human nature, and its passion for personal liberty.

ERIC SUTTON

TRUST ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE

Evolution and its Modern Critics. By A. MORLEY-DAVIES. *Murby*. 7s. 6d.

The Physical Basis of Geography. By S. W. WOOLDRIDGE and R. S. MORGAN. *Longmans, Green*. 12s. 6d.

The leading article of the *Times* that celebrated the opening meeting of the British Association this year had a great deal to say about evolution; after tracing the history of the theory from the eighteenth century to the present day it concluded that its importance lay in its contribution of evolutionary thought to general thought. "It had given a scientific basis to the concept of progress." In the view of the *Times* evolution meant improvement, everything evolved, and therefore, however dark the world might seem, everything would come right in time. Theologians must have been startled to see the heresy for which they put communism and other Utopian systems out of court cropping up in a first leader, but the scientist is no longer surprised to meet his doppelganger mouthing nonsense at him from the newspapers. Evolution is in fact a name given by biologists to the process that has produced the present fauna of the earth from unicellular ancestors, like conservative policy it is aimless and opportunist, resolving problems as they arise regardless of any system of morality or anything but the immediate future. It gives an illusion of improvement because it is brought about by the adaptation of species to their surroundings, because this adaptation has been generally accompanied by complication, and because germanic thought has given us the idea that failure is immoral and extinction the penalty of moral decadence. Evolutionary thought is based on a vulgarisation of the theory that insists that time passes and improvement is bound to take place as a result, its strongest point is that man is a comparatively recent addition to the species of the earth. While most people would prefer the simple cruelty of the jungle to the cruelty of Shanghai or Madrid they also have a bias in favour of the idea that they are an advance towards an ideal, and evolutionary thought gets by on this appeal. Biology and evolution's ideal animal is one adapted to its environment and it is immaterial whether it has a sense of guilt or not, biology does not and cannot prove that contemporary animals are better than their ancestors. Above all biologists concerned with physical characteristics transmitted by breeding do not claim to produce anything relevant to the history of humans who can consult each other about their plans. Mr. Morley-Davies' book is a simple grounding in the subject concerned in part with the vulgar errors attacked by its opponents as an integral part of the theory. It should be read by those supporters of modern science who confine themselves to reading attacks on science by literary men.

Geomorphology is a good control for testing an optimism based on an erroneous picture of evolution, it is difficult to whip up any personal emotion about geography or to feel that the North Sea represents an advance on the Eocene Sea and the field is more or less unprejudiced. At its lowest level Wooldridge and Morgan's book may give you an added interest in the countryside in which you live or take your holidays, but on a solider matter it should show you that science does not give a basis to the concept of progress. Geomorphology is the study of the forces that change the surface of the world, the gentle rain running off the land, the wind armed with fine dust and the gnawing sea. These forces operate with little regard for its suitability for human habitation or for any form of life at all. As aimless as biological

evolution it has a devastating pointlessness that arises from the fact that the changes do not work towards a state of stability but to states leading to further change, and it is just as likely for the sea floor to become the top of mountain country as it is for desert to become fertile or for the reverse to happen. The rearing up and planing down of mountains and the flowing about of seas goes on endlessly, coherently, and fatuously. The pleocene period has fashioned a surface in which our civilisation has developed but the forces have not slackened off as the wheat belt of the United States is well aware. This book emphasises the fact that the message of science is not that time brings handsome free gifts from natural forces. Indeed if scientists were to illustrate their lesson they would show Time standing with open arms saying "You can trust me," and the voice might as well be the voice of Baldwin and you could sleep as sound.

ANTHONY WEST

MARX AND THE ECONOMISTS

Political Economy and Capitalism: ESSAYS IN ECONOMIC TRADITION. By MAURICE DOBB. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

What is Economics about? A good deal of it nowadays is about a singularly abstract world in which imaginary happenings proceed with so much precision that they can be exactly and elegantly represented by growingly elaborate series of equations. Economics becomes a branch of the mathematical studies, with the differential calculus as its instrument, and a sublime contempt for the crude facts of the actual world. Nevertheless, this world obtrudes itself; and the economists, having demonstrated how elegantly everything ought to proceed according to the laws of marginal utility, marginal productivity, and the rest of them, find themselves compelled to offer some explanation of the failure of concrete fact to correspond to the ideal representation. Thus arise theories of the "trade cycle," explained as a disturbance of equilibrium due to some special cause or combination of causes, such as the mismanagement of money or the errors of business psychology or the unfortunate reluctance of men to allow themselves to be governed by purely economic forces—explanations which have this in common, that they treat stability as normal, and regard trade fluctuations as the result of some special disturbance of the fundamental forces making for equilibrium.

As against this view, the Marxists regard the alternative of boom and slump, crisis and recovery, as itself normal—the necessary product of the economic system under which we live. Whereas the academic economists set out from an ideal picture of a market in which the fundamental forces are constantly making for equilibrium, in accordance with "economic laws" which are valid absolutely, under all possible economic systems, the Marxists maintain that each system has its own laws relative to its institutional structure, and that generalisations which profess to be independent of any particular system are at best empty tautologies and at worst positive lies. The abstract individuals who bargain and covenant one with another in the abstract world of marginalist economics have, say the Marxists, no real resemblance to the figures that move upon any actual economic stage. Real men, real bargaining units in the world of affairs, are not divorced from society: they come into the market as the products of institutional forces historically developed and subject to continual change. They come trailing incomes, or lack of incomes, based on their possessions of property or privilege, or on their divorce from these things. Their effective demand, usually taken by the marginalists as a datum, represents not an absolute standard of satisfaction or desire, but a resultant of the size of their incomes and the social influences which have played upon them. The price-structure arising from this effective demand has no special sanctity, or "naturalness": it corresponds not to absolute reality, but merely to the institutional, or class, conditions of the economic system as it actually exists.

To this the marginalists retort hotly that the price-measure, based on the "free market," is the only possible measure of economic advantage or productivity, and that Socialism, by making impossible this form of measurement, destroys all economic calculation and results not in the rational planning which it professes to further, but in sheer anarchy. Socialism, Professor von Mises maintains, is not merely undesirable, but a sheer impossibility.

Mr. Dobb's book plunges into the very centre of these lively controversies. It is a Marxian critique of orthodox capitalist economics, and a re-affirmation against all the critics of the

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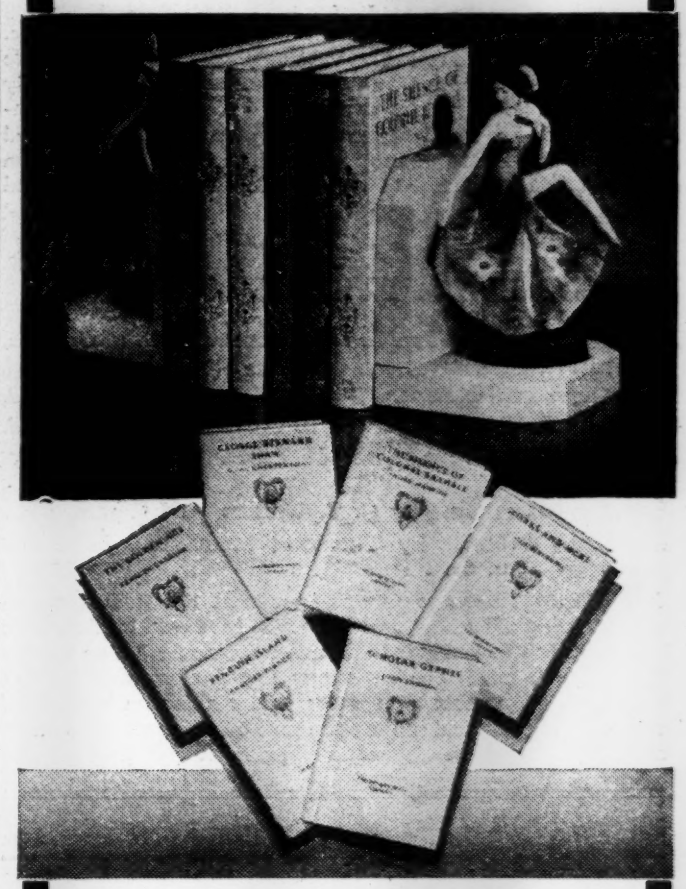

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Marxian theory of value and surplus value as a scientific approximation to fundamental reality much truer and more relevant to contemporary problems than all the algebra of the orthodox. The book embodies besides this general attack an acute restatement of the Marxian theory of crises, a penetrating chapter on the economics of modern imperialism, and a study, based largely on the Russian experience, of the principles governing the planned distribution of economic resources in a Socialist society. It is not always easy reading; for much of it is devoted to answering economists whose own writings are highly technical and abstruse. But Mr. Dobb makes a real effort to write plainly, and on the whole succeeds in this as well as his subject-matter will allow. Certainly his book deserves to rank as an important contribution to a controversy which has raged furiously for some time among trained economists, and is destined to rage much more furiously as soon as any real attempt is made to introduce Socialism in any advanced capitalist country.

THEY DIDN'T STAY AT HOME

Transgressor of the Tropics. By Negley Farson. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures in the East. By Lili Körber. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Makassar Sailing. By G. E. P. Collins. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In Search of the Mahatmas of Tibet. By E. G. Schary. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

Burmese Interlude. By C. V. Warren. *Skeffington.* 15*s.*

Strange to Relate. By Thorburn Muirhead. *Hurst and Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Negley Farson is foremost amongst the foreign correspondent group of authors, and those who have read his first book will not need to be reminded that this transgressor has an irresistible way with him. His apparently slap-dash manner hides a masterly technique that sweeps the reader along on a spate of conversational gusto and at the same time gets over an astonishing amount of information. What is more, he is one of those rare and fortunate travellers for whom the gods provide a constant succession of extraordinary encounters. No sooner does he arrive in a strange town than he receives the confidences of its most bizarre and interesting inhabitant: escaped convict, dictator, hard-boiled gold miner, they all tell him their story. And that is as it should be, for no one could recount it better.

Mr. Farson hints somewhat coyly at an unspecified job being the cause of his trip to South America, the scene of *Transgressor in the Tropics*, but I strongly suspect that his real reason for going there was that he knew he would find perfect material for his flippantly informative pen. He went to Venezuela, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Chile and Peru, and in a series of cinematic sketches he communicates delightfully the essence of all these countries, their climates, people, customs and politics. At times the picture is not a pretty one, for most of the more obvious evils of Europe flourish equally well in the neighbourhood of the Andes, and in general indecency of behaviour, in the arts of social injustice, inhumanity, and exploitation, these remote republics have little to learn from their more publicised contemporaries. But a peculiar South American twist adds a touch of unreality and opera bouffe even to the unsavoury, and it is somehow difficult to take seriously the dictators of Peru and Ecuador, or to worry about the Fascists of Colombia. The very remoteness of their sphere of activity, too, is a virtue in these troubled days. They are as isolated from us as Lord Beaverbrook would like to think we are from Europe. A rifle shot in Bucharest to-morrow might mean bombers over London next week, but Bogota has a mythical sound to it and if the whole city were suddenly blown up we should hardly be affected. So we can afford to follow unconcernedly in Mr. Farson's footsteps, enjoying ourselves as much as he did and certain that we shall miss nothing that is significant, unexpected, or amusing. Besides interviewing all the political big shots, he made friends wherever he went, whether on the enormous estates of the feudal aristocracy, in quayside pubs and cafés, or even in Colon jail, where he landed one night after an altercation with a taxi-driver. Some of these acquaintances were charming; some not so charming: all of them as described by Mr. Farson are a joy to read about. Listen to this story of another taxi-driver, a Chicagoan:

> He had come down to Ecuador to kill a lion. He was going to kill it with a sword. And he had an armoured suit which made him look like a porcupine. It was full of nails, sticking out from a monkey-suit of thick canvas. He also wore a flying helmet with a large spike sticking out of the top.
>
> "But there aren't any lions in South America!" the bullfighter told him. "You can kill a jaguar, if you want to."
>
> "No, what I came down here for to kill was a *Lion*."
>
> He would not take anything else. Neither could he be brought to believe that there was no such thing as a lion in South America. He is still looking for a lion.

Transgressor in the Tropics is a treat not to be missed.

Lili Körber too, is a journalist, and *Adventures in the East* is her account (translated from German by K. S. Shelvankar) of a trip to Japan and China in search of copy. Why "Adventures," I don't know, as apart from being gazed at in the nude by Japanese youths in a public bathing establishment, nothing very exciting seems to have happened to her. She is a competent observer, though inclined to be a little self-consciously feminine and over-interested in lavatories, washing arrangements and similar domestic details: her political observations have been largely out-dated by recent events. In both China and Japan she stayed with private families, and her book is of topical value for the description it gives of the everyday lives of two unfortunate peoples, one of which is being degraded by a clique of power-crazy militarists into an instrument of massacre, while the other provides an heroic spectacle for a world which admires but does not venture to assist. Incidentally, the appalling facts she relates concerning the conditions of life in both countries remind us that the masses of China and Japan need our sympathy and help in peace as in war, for the miseries effected by unrestrained industrialism and capitalism, though less spectacular, are more sustained and in the long run even more disastrous than those brought about by battle.

After reading about the revolutions of South America and the hatreds of Asia, it was a pleasure to open Mr. Collins' placid chronicle of a year spent in Bira, at the southernmost tip of Celebes, that astonishingly shaped island. He stayed there while native shipbuilders constructed a prahu for him, and when he was not overseeing them and frustrating their attempts to swindle him, he made a study of local customs, joining in Biran festivities and magical ceremonies. These he describes at length,

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and he also recounts many traditional legends which were told him by the chief or Karaeng of Bira. Mr. Collins has hit on just the manner for this sort of thing, telling a straightforward story in simple language and avoiding the Scylla of lushness and the Charybdis of mock simplicity, on one of which authors who write about primitive people in the East Indies usually founder.

From his earliest youth Mr. Schary suffered from a muddled combination of romanticism and mysticism; he was, let us say, a romystic, and his failing led him to spend twelve years in trying to penetrate into Tibet, where he confidently expected to find a sort of spiritual reservoir of men "wiser than the mass. . . . Helpers in a larger sense . . . who have the vision that can perceive the great underlying strata of a spiritual plan. . . ." In fact, he had the same idea as Mr. Hilton, but instead of writing a novel about it he decided to go and find out if his idea was true. He still doesn't know, because he never passed the lost horizon, never got through to Shangri-la, in spite of notable journeys accomplished and hardships endured. Apart from his obsession, Mr. Schary seems to be a very sensible sort of person and I liked his book, which should appeal particularly to those who believe that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

With the exception of Mr. Schary, all the authors I have mentioned so far travelled because they wanted to write. Messrs. Warren and Muirhead wrote merely because they happen to have travelled; this is an insufficient reason and between them they amply demonstrate that travel does not necessarily broaden the mind. Mr. Warren's account of the life of a forester in Burma, in spite of his impossibly imperial outlook, might be interesting if it were not written in an unreadable mixture of second-rate journalese, sword and cloak pastiche, and Anglo-Indian conversation: but the tongues of angels would not make Mr. Muirhead endurable. During his years in Egypt and Ceylon he appears to have done nothing but slaughter any animal that was rash enough to present itself within range of his ever ready rifle. The human inhabitants of these countries he noticed whenever he felt in need of having a superior white man's laugh. Somewhat rashly the publishers state that *Strange to Relate* will leave the reader "satiated." It does; after a very few pages. But nauseated would have been the apter term.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

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So I Wrote It. By CHARLES PRIOR. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
The Joy of It. By LITTLETON POWYS. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.
Memory Looks Forward. By ERIC PARKER. *Seeley Service.* 18s.
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These Are Real People. By ROSITA FORBES. *Jenkins.* 15s.
When I was at Court. By LORD ORMATHWAITE. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.
The Autobiography of Ethel Firebrace. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.

The reflection that this list represents only a fragment of the multitude of autobiographies which have been published this autumn inspires me with some curiosity about the reason for the remarkable increase in the number of people of both sexes, all ages, classes, reputations, personalities, gifts, professions and experiences, who have become aware that all have got the seed of a book in their lives, and that most can raise the flower. Perhaps there is no better reason than the one given by Mr. Prior in *So I Wrote It*. "There's nothing a guy likes more than talking about himself." Certainly writing an autobiography provides a wonderful opportunity for indulging in what we like best, and there is always the hope that far from having to pay for the pleasure we shall be paid. "So they printed and paid for bums' autobiographies, did they? Well, why the hell didn't I write mine?" This was the question Mr. Prior, a deserter from the army turned screwsman, put to himself while sitting on a bench in the Green Park, reading a crumpled newspaper some one had thrown on the ground. He had found in its columns a protest against the publication of the life story of a guy who, like himself, had "bummed around a bit" and had gathered from it that the story was being widely read. I see no reason why Mr. Prior's should not have the same success. It can be recommended to readers who like Mr. Hemingway's novels, for Mr. Prior is just such a tough guy as Mr. Hemingway glorifies. His experiences of the underworld in England, France and Spain should be useful to novelists who make it their scene. They will learn from Mr. Prior that their vocabulary needs bringing up to date. "When they write their nonsense about the underworld," he remarks contemptuously, "they always put the most old-fashioned words into their characters' mouths."

Mr. Littleton Powys's autobiography is much longer, much more refined, and much more expensive. It ought not to be neglected by anyone interested in the famous triad of Welsh evangelists, John Cowper, Llewellyn, and Theodore Powys, for it throws a new light on the home in which they were framed. After allowing for their less famous brother's tendency to look at the world through rose-coloured glasses (he was apparently born with them on his nose) the conviction remains that there is little ground for the aspersions which have been cast on their upbringing to explain and excuse the sadistic streak in their writings. "There could have been no home where freedom was more complete. No one was ever forced to do anything, much less believe anything; any form of restraint was completely contrary to my mother's views of bringing up her children." This member of the Powys family was for many years a schoolmaster, and he has much that is interesting and valuable to say about education. And about birds, butterflies, fishes, and his queer, brilliant brothers. His idealistic temperament makes him think life a very lovely thing. He has achieved a serene happiness which most of his readers will envy. Such a story seems almost too good to be true. It is simply and straightforwardly written, and in spite of its length, not diffuse. Diffuseness, "a kind of wind, uncivil and uncomfortable," makes Mr. Eric Parker's autobiography, *Memory Looks Forward*, hard to read. His long experience of broadcasting (I understand that his talks about birds are very popular) and of editing (he was for many years Editor of *The Field*) has not taught him that it is not so good to say as little as possible in a great many words as to say as much as possible in a few. His narrative is padded with extracts from his diaries, and verbatim reports of *séances*. These reports may be of interest to spiritualists.

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one time the right hand of the late Lord Leverhulme, whose character and methods are well-described. There is a good study too of Mr. Lloyd George. "I make no apology for the lack of literary craftsmanship in the book." In this sentence Mr. Watson hardly does justice to the two secretaries whom he thanks in his foreword for their "painstaking preparation" of the manuscript. Next please! Exit the successful business man who increased his capital from £2,000 to £2,000,000, and believes that "life is kinder, juster, and more merciful than when I was a boy," and enter Mr. Rollo Ahmed, who believes that too. At the end of *I Rise*, which gives a very poignant account of the struggles of an intelligent negro to overcome difficulties caused by the prejudice against his race, he writes: "Gradually racial hatreds are breaking down; intelligent and reasonable men are awakening to the fact that spiritually the earth is for all her sons in equality, and that man himself cannot afford to raise artificial barriers." Wonderful conclusion from a man, whose daughter, born of a mother of the white race, was driven by a cruel experience of prejudice against the negro blood in her veins to hang herself. Exit the generous coloured man, to whose story I wish I could devote more space—it is very entertaining, as well as psychologically informative—and enter Mr. Fred Beal, an American Communist. He tells us in *Word from Nowhere* how he became a fugitive from two worlds, the world of capitalist justice, and the world of Bolshevist justice. "The vindictive forces of capitalism would be pleased to capture me and put me behind bars. The vindictive forces of Stalinism would be glad to deliver me into the arms of their professed enemy." I strongly recommend this book as an antidote to optimism about the condition of the workers in Russia.

Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt thinks autobiography a pretentious word—"like an over-stuffed sofa." Yet *Sinabada* (in the vernacular, "Lady King," the name given this intrepid traveller and distinguished novelist by the inhabitants of a cannibal island) is more truly an autobiography than any of the other books before me. It covers the whole ground of an eventful life, and proves that a good self-portrait is the most illuminating of all portraits. I have thoroughly enjoyed the tale of Mrs. Mordaunt's exciting adventures on land and sea, and her amusing comments on people and things. Give me the writer who manages to say in a few lines more than most writers can say in many hundreds, one of Mrs. Mordaunt's talents.

Next please! Enter Miss Rosita Forbes, a good-looker, and as well known to fame as Mrs. Mordaunt, with a bundle of true stories of real people she has met in the course of her extensive travels. They are whales of stories, and concern people who, if they were imaginary, would be described as overdrawn, highly coloured, not like real people in any respect. I don't doubt for a moment that they lived, or live, and that Miss Forbes knew them. What never happened may seem credible, and what did in fact happen, may, and often does, strike us as incredible. Still, the effect produced on me by *These are Real People* was precisely the same as that produced by stories admittedly fictitious.

I was tempted at first to say nothing at all about Lord Ormathwaite's book, for the flower he has raised from the seed of his life at Court as Master of the Ceremonies to King Edward VII and King George V has very little distinctive colour or perfume. His first-hand knowledge of how "historical and glamorous Court ceremonies are arranged." has not prevented his giving very trite descriptions of the work involved. Then I became interested in his sketches of royal personages and great figures in Edwardian society, and recognised that he had contributed something fresh to the chronicles of the Edwardian age. He tells some fresh anecdotes too. The best is the one of a distinguished lady, who in the time when large families were not taboo, bore her husband sixteen children. When her last child arrived, her sister called out: "It's all right, Louise. You've got another little boy." "My dear," Louise replied, "I really don't care if it is a parrot."

That is much what I felt when I came to my last book, *The Autobiography of Ethel Firebrace*. I really didn't care whether Ethel Firebrace was a girl or a boy or a dog. I read the inscription on the jacket: "I have lived life to the full, I have seen all, heard all and said all," without suspecting a spoof. And the blurb overleaf did not seem to me much funnier than blurbs usually are. "I have been a wife, a mother, a reader, a writer, a critic, a traveller, a friend, a lover, an adviser, and I think, a philosopher." It was an illustration, the portrait of Miss Firebrace's grandfather, the poet, which put me wise. Fuddled as I was by mixing so many autobiographical drinks, I saw the joke. It is kept up with unfailing zest to the last page. The identity of the brilliant satirist, who has made this spoof autobiography a medium for holding the literary world up to ridicule, is not likely to be kept a secret for long. My readers will probably know by the time this review appears whether my guess that Ethel Firebrace was created by Miss Rebecca West is correct. It is not easy to set the Thames on fire nowadays, and Miss Firebrace's autobiography may not do that, but if it doesn't set the town on the Thames talking and laughing I shall be much surprised.

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The best way to review this book would be by quotation, and the reproduction of a few of the wood-cuts. I know of no other way. But this would be shirking. It is the reviewer's job to come between author and reader with some sort of analysis and synthesis, nicely balanced processes and short-cut sciences, so that the reader knows beforehand where he is going and what he will see.

That would spoil his pleasure in H. E. Bates's work. This poet, both in his short stories and his nature essays, is what might be called a garrulist. His virtue is a conversational one, and his genius or main-spring is in his habit of rambling on, one idea and picture leading out of another, and every one fully savoured and flavoured. What a taster the man is. He has a palate like John Keats, and a tongue like him too. He is always "bursting joy's grape against his palate fine." And the reader catches the juice.

It is not that Mr. Bates comes with profound wisdom and knowledge of humanity. In fact, I often find him peevish, shrew-tempered, and inclined to scold when contradicted. I recall his sudden outbreak against gamekeepers in his companion-book to the present volume, *Through the Woods*. He was no doubt right about the malignancy of the gamekeeper, but in making so much of his defiance he somewhat over-balanced the proportions of the artistic mood of the book. He is like W. H. Hudson in that. Hudson, for all his greatness, was sometimes an inhuman, cold-

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tempered and cantankerous old monster. And at the same time he was always right. But he spoiled his case against his opponents. Perhaps this self-betrayal by temper was due to the innocence and naivety which come from much solitude. I remember, for example, his outbreak about Chichester and its inhabitants; and on another occasion his denunciation of dogs.

Well, Mr. Bates can be like that too. In his new book, he lets out against a correspondent in a "reactionary country paper." Notice how he loads the dice. "This gentleman, incensed that I should attack the destruction of many interesting and lovely native creatures for the sake of preserving the alien pheasant, reminded me that the law of nature is 'Kill or be killed,' and had I ever heard of the nasty business of a stoat attacking a rabbit? He was proud to inform me that he had seen this occurrence once. I could not inform him then, but I do inform him now that I have seen that occurrence many times. But what of it?" Yes, what of it, and what do Mr. Bates's admirers care about his bickerings with gamekeepers and the country gentlemen who write to the local papers?

One hesitates to ask him, however, to try and eliminate this element from his work. In spite of his marvellous achievement, he is still at an early stage of his development, and it would be a dangerous thing for him to eliminate even his peevishness and touchiness, since they are likely to be better utilised later on.

Meanwhile, I am content to put up with these outbursts, especially as I agree with the motives for them. I would put up with a great deal more minor aggravation from a writer who gives me such constant delight. I believe it is no exaggeration to say to-day of him that he is one of the most sensitive, direct, and subtle prose-writers amongst English naturalists. And already he has learned, or rather nature has endowed him, to flavour his work with a personal quality of freshness, candour, and what I can only call *approachableness*. These unique elements come from that garrulity which I have already mentioned. They bind the reader in a peculiar sort of tête-à-tête way to him, and make his moods, sensations and observations important and acceptable.

Perhaps the most outstanding quality in his work is its demonstration of the joys and values of idleness. That is an uncommon gift to-day, in an age of frenzied nerves and social and political febrility. It is not that Mr. Bates ignores the present state of the world. Indeed, he says here that he wishes "sometimes, that the laws of England could be framed, for a change, behind the walls of a madhouse." A characteristic bit of shrillness.

From this gift for idleness springs most of his ability and material. He describes a little bridge where he did all that was worth while to a child. "There also, winter and summer, but in summer most, I lay or sat or stood and did what is the best of all things to do by the side of water—nothing at all. I would lie and absorb, unconsciously, the heart of summer, the great depth of July heat, the small sounds of water, the click of insects, the monotonous phrases of yellow-hammers uttered as though in a dream, the chimes from the church on the little hill above, the drowsy scent of water-mint and earth and sun that was like an anaesthetic." And again, he describes a walk with his grandfather. "For every five minutes of progression, we had, I think, ten of standing and staring. We stopped for anything, a crop of wheat rising to ear, a kingfisher, a magpie, a host of butterflies, a sound, a change of light. . . . We stopped to turn a stone of queer shape, to pick it up and feel it and wonder. We lingered to praise and criticise. We stopped—as though it were ever necessary—to rest, to look about us, to take stock, to spit, to make water. We stopped for the sheer simple luxurious pleasure of stopping."

All that stopping may explain why Mr. Bates, now a grown-up with a rare gift of expression at his command, has such a fund of remembered riches to draw upon, such minute detail that his word-paintings rival the lovely wood-cuts of his illustrator, Miss Parker, such permeations of his early nature that now he is able, or perhaps does so in spite of his conscious effort, to soak his prose in the sap of earth. Every paragraph offers at least one phrase which is inevitable. He speaks in his opening page of "herons flapping with a kind of gaunt grandeur." He speaks of a brook that "made scarcely any sound at all; only that tinkling-linkling, almost gently metallic, almost singing sound as it curdled on stones in shallow places."

So one could go on, finding examples of the fully sensed word, loaded with ore; or the whole paragraph in which atmosphere and tangibility are conjured up with a skill not comparable to that of Jefferies or Hudson, because it is solely the skill of Mr. Bates, already an artist unique and sufficient in himself. I cannot give examples of Miss Miller's work, but fortunately she is so well known that the reader who wants to get this book, for leisurely reading and savouring, will be sure in advance that he is in for some delightful moments.

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Miss Rose Macaulay once wrote an essay in which she advised intending reviewers never to fall back on saying: "I like this book, it seems to me interesting, and the kind of book I like." Proper reviewers, she said, never write like this. I suppose not; and yet it is just what I want to say about *Flames Coming Out of the Top*. It is simply a story, a most interesting and eventful story; and, oh, the relief of that. No doubt years ago, when psychology and introspection were first applied intensively to the novel, the novelty of the sensation was equally stimulating to the reader. Tired of a world in which people rushed adventurously about, indulging in the most vaguely motivated and shamelessly extravert behaviour, he must have found the new sort of novel a delightful change. If only introspection had not become, like evening dress at the opera, indispensable. To-day no novel is considered quite the thing unless it is saturated with the thought-stream: that muddy river whereon the barque of good narrative so often flounders. What, the author asks himself, would my Charlotte have been thinking of as she lit the fire, as she cut her toe-nails? What, above all, is she likely to dream about when she goes to bed? Well, it is not difficult to invent a lot of irrelevant whimsies such as might very well pass through the head of Charlotte as she cuts her nails and lights her fire; and it is fatally easy to concoct boring dreams in which the events of the previous day get elaborately, but *so* significantly, mixed up, until at last something or other grows bigger . . . *and bigger* . . . AND BIGGER, and Charlotte wakes up with a scream (in which she is joined by the reader) to discover that it is only half-past four; and then, of course, since it is hours till the morning, we are in for another stretch of interior monologue. A few writers have used these devices so brilliantly that they have thereby revealed more clearly the springs of emotion and desire; in second-rate hands the result is disastrous.

Now, the charm of Mr. Collins is that he wastes no time in made-up dreams and fluffy musings. He has, what is rare, a genuine gift for narrative, and a knack of so winding it off the spool that you always wonder what is coming next. He tells here the story of a sound, rather ordinary clerk sent out by his firm to South America to discover what is wrong with an importing agency which has been suspending payments. Almost the whole of the book plays in South America, and it paints a most successful picture of the coast town and its highly dubious inhabitants. Señor Muras, the slippery dealer himself, is a delightful piece of work; and there is a first-rate picture of the town in the throes of eruption and earthquake. The writing, brisk, vivid, and high-spirited, is not unlike Priestley's, with an agreeable wit of its own: as when we learn, of Señor Muras's cigar-band, that it showed "the portrait of some national liberator long since executed by some other national liberator." I mean to imply that the book will please all but the very precious, not that it is of real importance. The clerk, Harold Dunnett, is something of a stock figure, known generally to his creator by his surname only; once or twice, when Mr. Collins shyly calls him "Harold," it takes a moment to think whom he means. And Dunnett's three women are decidedly perfunctory: the cold English girl he left behind him; the exceedingly hot Señorita Muras; and Maria, the tender and capable inn-keeper's daughter who nurses him back to health after his adventures in the interior. The necessity of rounding the book off with his marriage to Maria makes a rather forced conclusion to a story which I nevertheless greatly enjoyed, and which millions more would enjoy were it made into a film.

Mr. A. W. Smith is the antithesis of Mr. Collins. While I picture the latter placidly tapping out his novel with a grin of enjoyment on his face, I am sure *The Sword and the Rose* cost Mr. Smith months of hard work and laborious planning. It is a very long, very detailed reconstruction of the internal affairs of a typical British Line Regiment. Enormous quantities of acute observation and accurate information have gone into it, and there are half a dozen officers and men of whose reality we have no doubt. The conversations, though too lengthy, are convincing, the atmosphere, English, Indian and Anglo-Indian, appears equally authentic. Everything is there, and yet the book is not easy reading. The author is so conscious of the solid worth of his stock that he has not troubled over the dressing of the shop window. That is to say, he has not made his narrative beguiling; he does not possess, and is unconscious of lacking, the arts of inventing incident that will carry on the main plot and display character as well. Such arts, not to be confused with little magazine tricks, are as old as the Greeks; and modern novelists would not so often neglect them if they thought of themselves as tale-*tellers*, with an audience always liable to fidget. Nothing makes us fidget more than excess of detail. *The Sword and the Rose* opens with a Mess-Sergeant preparing for the first full-dress dinner of the Herefordshires since the Great War. He comes in "shielding a lighted taper in his white-gloved hands," and we see him at once, and not only him but the whole room: "The upward-thrown glow made of him a bodiless face, concentrated and intent, floating silently among the warm sepia shadows of the room." Nothing could be better; but then we come upon the over-elaboration which is a feature of the book: "One by one he touched the candles on the table into points of light, which bloomed into sharp blue-hearted spearheads of gold." In fact, he lit the candles. And here is the bugle sounding from the guard-room: "The surging notes of the bugle came tumbling, now faint and sweet, now louder with a suspicion of shrill resonance, hurrying on the capricious heels of the bustling wind." Decoration; not at all meretricious, but superfluous. Well, you see how it is. If you are prepared to face a lot of that, you will find a solid and likeable picture of regimental life underneath.

Mr. Masefield's novel has also a good subject: the bitter antagonism between a man of business, self-made, energetic, of warm artistic and humanitarian sensibilities, and the county, hard, illiberal and interested exclusively in hunting. It was original to make the business-man a manufacturer of armaments; in these days that is not a claim on our sympathy, even those who admit the necessity of defence not caring to face the consequent importance of seeing that our weapons are deadlier than any one else's. But Mr. Masefield has gone further, and made his hero,

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in spite of his energy and enthusiasm, a somewhat unsympathetic character, whose soundest impulses seem to spring from hatred, anger and pride. Perhaps we are at times meant to find attractive in him little things that actually exasperate; his habit, for instance, of addressing his fiancée Margaret as "my Peggy." There is in the Poet Laureate a strain of aural insensibility that allowed him to call an earlier novel *Eggs and Baker*, and here betrays him into putting unlikely phrases into the mouths of his county set. When their sons are late home, Pytchley mammas do not say: "Is that Ted? Where have you been, Ted? You're ever so late." The idiom is wrong; for these people Mr. Masefield has a better eye than ear. His huntin' girls are admirably seen pure *Tatler*: "all were made up in the same way, with the same clip and the same ripple in their hair, the same vermilion streak instead of a mouth, the same trim lines instead of eyebrows. They smoked the same kind of cigarette, each with the same air of not liking it, but being unable to do without it. . . ." But I wish he would not call people Col. Purple-Tittup, Major Annual-Tilter, and Mrs. Method-Methodde. Trollope only just steals past with Dr. Fillgrave and Mr. Quiverful; in lesser hands this sort of thing makes us think of *Punch*. A more serious flaw is the sudden and arbitrary effect of the happy ending. "My Peggy" was killed in a motor smash on the day of her wedding; and her place is magically filled by an English girl dancer, from a Circassian ballet company giving a local matinée (yes !), who not only looks exactly like Margaret, but turns out to be called Margaret too. That rings false; but the gun fella's struggle to prevent his bird-sanctuary from being drawn by the hunt, and the local antagonism it arouses—all this is excellently done, and the gun fella himself, like him or not, a vividly realised character. The county, on the other hand, is too uniformly hard; there are plenty like that, but there are also plenty who are no more than good-natured and dull-witted, and a few who are neither: and these (with one exception) Mr. Masefield neglects.

As I do not know Mr. Vincent Sheean's other books, I cannot say whether the slickness of his new volume of short stories is native to his mind or deliberately assumed for a cheap market. Needless to say, I use the adjective only in its intellectual sense: it is on the shiny paper of the most *expensive* magazines that we expect to find many of these stories printed. The title-story is just a fragrant vision of the Pompadour-o past which calls out for an illustrator, School of Miss Zinkeisen; while "The Virtuoso" is a story which depends on one of those twists we see coming so far ahead that we can hardly bother to hunt through the underwear adverts. to find them. "Mrs. Osgood" and "Apotheosis" offer amusing glimpses of snobbery, and the whole collection is adroitly turned, full of pleasant detail, and far from dull. But too smart.

The gentle, leisurely tales of Miss Edith Wharton make a pleasant contrast; their air of leisure is due, not to the accumulation of dead detail, but to the fact that she is a story-teller whose speech is naturally quiet and unhurried. Her new volume is a collection of ghost stories; and while I cannot say I found them hair-raising, they have a half-eerie, half-cosy charm of their own. You begin to feel the silence around your chair; she is a past-mistress of that curious art which makes you put the book down for an instant, poke the fire, and settle comfortably back with the thought: "Well, here I am, reading a ghost story; what could be more agreeable?"

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE SOVIET SYSTEM

Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. Second Enlarged Edition; 2 vols. *Longmans*. 35*s*.

Afterthoughts on the U.S.S.R. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Secker and Warburg*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Case of Leon Trotsky: Report of Hearings on the Charges Made Against Him in the Moscow Trials. By the PRELIMINARY COMMISSION OF INQUIRY. *Secker and Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Webbs have now added a 70-page postscript to their vast and brilliant book on present-day Russia. There is no loss of vigour, care or ingenuity. One knows that they make every effort to consider awkward as well as convenient evidence and that their conclusions are honestly reached. They are not to be accused of missing any published material in English, German, French or Russian. Even in dealing with the Trotskyite trials, the bibliography which they supply in a footnote shows a comprehensive acquaintance with the arguments of Trotsky's advocates as well as with those of his detractors. If in some matters they seem blinded by love of the U.S.S.R., that is no doubt mainly because they are now so well known as defending counsel that they do not always have forced on their attention the type of individual evidence of day-to-day life in Russia which may be eloquent of an administrative tendency, even though not statistically significant.

Amongst the subjects dealt with in the new section the most controversial are the recent trials and the shootings in Russia, the change in the abortion law, the Stakhanov movement, and the democratic significance of the new constitution. In order to deal with the first of these subjects the Webbs produce a most interesting historical analysis, reminding us that violence, treason trials, faction, rivalry and delation have usually continued for generations after any important revolution, and that therefore the Russian trials must be judged not as if they were occurring in an established democracy, but in the light of these historical parallels. The point is clear, well made and needs making. It leaves us, however, exactly where we were in regard to (*a*) the question of the truth or falsity of the charges brought against Trotsky and those who are executed or disgraced as his followers, and (*b*) how far it is desirable for those who are friends of the Soviet revolution to criticise the methods adopted. On the first point, I presume that the Webbs are, like me, too conscious of ignorance to speak with assurance. Just as it is true that attempted counter-revolutions and state trials continue for generations after any great revolution, so it is also true that the methods of the secret police continue too. The Webbs are far too realistic in their study of history to suggest that it is impossible for the G.P.U. to fake evidence or persuade prisoners to confess what is convenient. Some day perhaps we shall know what has really taken place. I do not feel that the verbatim report now published of the Inquiry that went from New York to Mexico City to hear Trotsky's side of the case takes me much farther than I got when I saw Trotsky himself some months ago and came away, as I explained in this journal, rather less than more impressed by his protestations of non-intervention. The report emphasises the substantial reasons for doubting parts of the confessions; the evidence cannot in the nature of things be conclusive. I do not know what

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conclusions the Committee of Inquiry that examined Trotsky will reach in their second volume, but I doubt if after hearing Trotsky's statement they are really in a better position to reach a fair conclusion than were the Russian judges who condemned him. The one court heard only the case for the prosecution, the other court listened only to the defence. Since the material for decision is lacking, I do not criticise the Webbs for omitting a discussion of it, but I am puzzled by their assumption that an historical analogy releases them or me from the duty of criticism. Would it not have been a good thing if the British Government, which, as the Webbs point out, suppressed Catholicism with such severity and often with some injustice for generations after the revolution of 1688, had been subject to criticism for so doing? All governments tend to justify the suppression of their opponents; dictatorial governments grow more ruthless and more unjust because they are not subject to criticism. It is not the part of a friend of the U.S.S.R. to refrain from asking awkward questions about the methods it uses for the suppression (necessary or not in itself) of those it regards as dangerous.

Again, in discussing the abortion law, the Webbs present the official Communist case for a reversal of policy without, it seems to me, giving full weight to the circumstances which have made this legislative change so widely unpopular in the U.S.S.R. itself. They assume, for instance, that there can be no real hardship since there is a system of crèches in Russia for the children of women who go out to work during the day. This would be a sound point if crèches already existed for the majority of working mothers. Actually, it frequently takes, I understand, eighteen months or more for a woman in a good position to find a place for her baby, and in some cases it may take a much longer time. Is there room in the existing crèches for more than one in every six or eight of the babies that need looking after? It would be interesting to have an authoritative figure. Even more serious is the fact that contraceptives are expensive and unreliable in Russia and that the illegality of abortion must involve in Russia, as it does in this country, the ghastly practice of the quack abortionist. No intelligent person advocates abortion in itself; the case against the change of law in Russia is that if abortion is illegal, the new freedom which the Communist revolution promises to women is reduced in thousands of cases to a mockery in the actual existing situation of the U.S.S.R.

On the question of intellectual liberty the Webbs admit that there is a danger of so much restriction that the regime may lose its vitality. But they are quick to accept the new constitution as a proof of genuine advance towards democracy, and remark with what seems to me in the present circumstances surprising naivety that in 1936 the Soviet Constitution "ensures to every citizen, not only protection against aggression and arbitrary arrest, but also the right to have remunerative work. . ." One is glad in a world which is so busy denying the rights of man to find the Soviet Union committing itself so definitely to their extension, but one would like more assurance than one has at present that the exercise of these rights is possible in Russia to-day. If one wants an example of how the matter may look from the opposite human point of view, one may turn to Gide's *Afterthoughts*. It will be remembered that in his first book, written immediately after leaving Russia, Gide expressed his disappointment and disillusion; he apparently expected Utopia and found instead a regime which repressed individual initiative and which was becoming rather more than less egalitarian. (The Webbs' very interesting account of the origin and technical significance of the Stakhanov movement overlooks its really devastating effect on the conception of substantial economic equality in the U.S.S.R. On this point Gide has a more acute appreciation of existing tendencies.) The insults that were thrown at Gide were unwise: their result has been to force him to quote damaging passages from *Pravda* and to defend himself with bitter eloquence. It is not in itself an important book; it repeats much that was in the first. But the first book was that of an unhappy friend; attacks have made the second book the retort of a still more unhappy opponent.

The more closely I follow the present controversies about the U.S.S.R., the more convinced I am that the only honest attitude for a Socialist is to give general, but critical, support to the one country in the world which has adopted a planned Socialist economy. But a legislative change may be misleading unless the actual administrative tendencies in the regime are constantly and critically watched. Russia is not made perfect or even good merely by the adoption of a Socialist constitution. Socialism gives the promise and possibility of greater happiness and greater economic sanity than is possible under capitalism But there can be no greater disservice to the cause of Socialism than to assume that an edict is the same thing as a fact and a critic the same thing as an enemy. The Socialist's duty is to watch the tendencies at work in the U.S.S.R. with the closest and most critical attention and to be outspoken when they appear to be directed away from the ideals that the U.S.S.R. set out to realise.

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First as to principles. Human beings should live as full a life as possible; therefore they must "be in touch with the things that matter." These are broadly those that "cultured people think suitable for themselves," and those which have had significance for the human race as a whole. It is necessary to know what the things that have "mattered" to human beings, what the things they have thought "significant," are. Therefore we must let the children learn how the world became what it is; why the human race values what it does. This means that we must present to them "in related panoramas of national achievement the story of the ups and downs of human progress."

Human progress is a big thing and it is not possible to understand it all, or equally to appreciate all the elements that have gone to its making. Human nature is very various and you can never tell what is in a child until you try; children, then, must be tried with everything—music, mathematics, science, history—and with the best of everything.

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The good travel books—I do not say the best—of the last ten years have been mainly in the hands of the scientists or the comedians and one group is a welcome relief from the other. You go round the world with one of the embittered and alarmed Catholic sceptics or some joker who, leaving a jerry-built England, noses out all the burlesque on the fringes of civilisation; and then you swap sides and join that patient, industrious minority who collect fauna or flora, take readings, pin down specimens, investigate diseases, make notes on agriculture, concentrate on the problems of administration and whose sense of humour remains on the family or expedition level. For this kind of humour a long acquaintance with the travels of Public Schoolboys has given me an affection mixed with awe; and I feel that the reader of Mr. Patrick M. Synge's book, which belongs to the scientific class, should know the worst at once before he moves on to discover how very readable and interesting the observations of the British Museum expedition to Ruwenzori are:

> However, to celebrate the first sight of snow we had a plum pudding preceded by corned bully beef. It is surprising how a little curry powder will transform that rather unappetising compound into quite

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G. 1.

a reasonable dish, entirely disguising its origin. So strong was the effect of this fine dinner on David Buxton—normally a vegetarian—that he proposed that from henceforward all meals should be discontinued until further notice. Any further food seemed, to him, unnecessary for a long time. The motion was, however, rejected.

That kind of passage is classical in the literature of English travel of the last 100 years.

But one must picture the scene. There has been the long routine of several days' cutting before each move of camp. There has been the sweat through the bracken of the lower part of the mountain. For light relief the Rain Man whistles agitatedly at the clouds to keep the rain off—a feat, if he succeeds, on that sodden and chilly mountain but one which soon palls. Anyway, he cannot exorcise the muddy dampness of the forest and the green, aquatic glooms of the bamboo. Their feathery tops arch over the nightly camps. Bats flit about. It is all right when the sun shines; then the forest is a dream world of entwining stalks and flowers; but without sun, you get no relief of colour except from the gross purple slugs on the bamboo stems or from the brown of a dead tree. Kabonga, who is ordered to collect mosquito larvae in the interest of science, enjoys himself—I have forgotten whether it was he who also had the even greater privilege of collecting rat fleas—but the rest of the "boys" are moody, silent, and are indeed contemplating a strike now they have got the Englishmen well into the forest mess. One can see that a joke about curry powder might or might not be just the right thing for this situation.

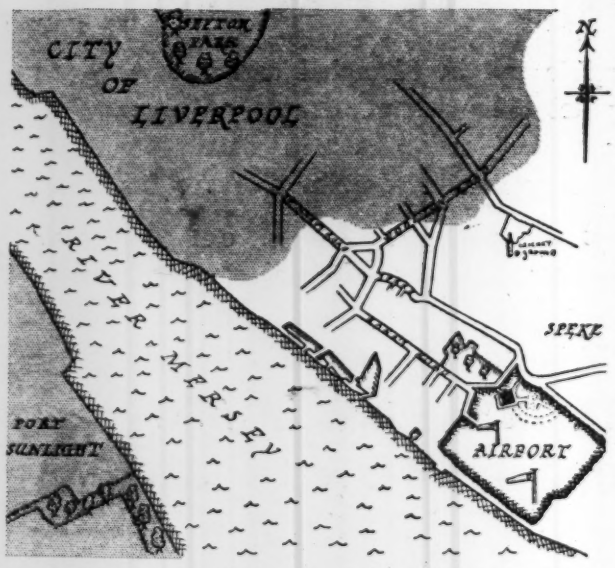
Ruwenzori was the objective of the expedition, but Mr. Synge stayed on in Uganda and went up other mountain ranges in equatorial Africa. Nature has tried out here a vegetation suitable to the mammoth and the pterodactyl. At 11,000 feet groundsel and heather grew to the height of trees with swollen or Arthur Rackham trunks; and giant lobelias stood like blue obelisks many times the height of man. Banana leaves were 20 feet long and ingenious children used them as toboggans. Mr. Stuart Somerville, the painter, who went out with the party, set to work upon the fantastic landscape, and his pictures and drawings make a valuable commentary on this part of the book.

The unbotanical reader will, however, press on to Mr. Synge's later chapters where he has a great deal that is interesting to say in praise of Uganda. The Sussex-like hills of Kenya he looked at with mingled feelings. He remembered the contrast between the roads of the two countries:

> Of the few Africans we do pass (in Kenya) hardly any seem to smile as do the majority in Uganda.

The majority of the population in Kenya is in the reserves or working on the big European estates; whereas Uganda is the paradise of small holders. And there are not as many English there. Education, for Mr. Synge, is the vital thing. The Africans are clamouring for it and his own experience with the Makerere boys he took up Mount Kenya convinced him that the mental difference between the African and European is very slight and racial inferiority a myth. Mr. Synge's notes on education ought to be read. On the question of the return of colonies or changes of mandate, he is cautious but on the whole against change; chiefly because, in their present stage, he thinks such a changeover would be bewildering and stultifying to the Africans. In Uganda, he observes, the African has already had the demoralising experience of a religious war between Protestants and Catholics, and if Europeans value their prestige among native races and have any serious belief in the policies of their administrations, they had better leave well alone. All this is worth consideration. There is something for everyone in this book; it is thorough and thoughtful, and the illustrations are excellent.

V. S. PRITCHETT



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WAR AGAINST GOD

The War Against God. By SYDNEY DARK and R. S. ESSEX. *Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.*

This book is written by believers for believers. It begins with a sketch, too brief to be valuable, of the history of scepticism. The body of the book contains facts about current anti-religious activities in Russia, Germany, Turkey, Mexico and Spain, activities which range from the authorised murder of priests and the destruction of churches to Kemal's veto upon the fez and the veil. The final chapter is a summary, again too short, of scepticism in England as shown in the writings of Wells, Shaw, Hardy, Housman, J. B. S. Haldane, Middleton Murry, Bertrand Russell, C. E. M. Joad and Aldous Huxley. The authors make few comments—"This book is a history and not a polemic"—and those comments are for the most part remarkably fair. They recognise that Fascism, like Communism, is essentially anti-Christian, and have no sympathy with Franco as a Crusader. They deplore the fallacy, still believed in some circles, that scepticism is merely an excuse for immorality, and recognise that the most dangerous enemies of theism are "serious-minded, high-souled men and women with developed social consciences." The authors, in fact, are so intellectually honourable that one wishes they had gone more deeply into the causes of both scepticism and anti-religious legislation. They recognise indeed that the political record of the Church in Russia and Spain must be held largely responsible for anti-Christian violence in these countries. And they also recognise that psychology has now succeeded biology and geology as the arch-enemy of traditional beliefs. But they have not allowed themselves space in which to develop their comments.

The decline in Christian belief is probably not so startling as it appears. In so far as Faith can be judged by its effect upon conduct, the number of genuine believers has probably always been small, but the temptation to conform to a religion in which one does not believe has in most countries now become very small. Traditional Christianity is a religion intimately connected with the pre-industrial way of life, and the mechanisation of the world has made it increasingly difficult to accept. Renan maintained plausibly that few people had enough erudition to justify their rejection of Christianity, but in fact every intelligent mechanic can feel the antagonism between the scientific attitude to phenomena and the traditional attitude found in the Bible and the Fathers. Intellectual apologists are skilful in reconciling them, but their arguments are too subtle to command wide acceptance. For four hundred years the Church has retreated from trench to trench, unwillingly surrendering one belief after another. Orthodox Protestantism is logically indefensible, because it is based on a canon of Scripture that was fixed by an authority which Protestants refuse to accept. (Some English sects seem to fancy that the Authorised Version came down from Heaven ready-made!) Catholicism is increasing in England, but only because it is the residuary legatee of all other forms of Christianity. It is far the most logical form, and possesses far the most capable apologists.

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But it is committed to doctrines which become increasingly unacceptable. Socially, for instance, the arguments in favour of birth-control are unanswerable; and the ideal, which the Church rejects, of a classless society makes an ever-growing appeal to men of good will. Moreover, while the Gospel ethos is specially concerned with exalting humility and denouncing the love of money, the Church has almost always shown itself much more indulgent to the love of money and love of power than to the less corroding sins of the flesh. On the one hand, we are offered the Gospel ethos, which is very noble but which—so conspicuous are its omissions—seems designed for a world about to end: on the other, there is the ethos developed by the historic Church and based upon premises which reason unaided by Revelation could never discover—such as that pain is a good, to be sought or gratefully accepted. Inevitably this ethos, in its rigour and also in its indulgence, repels the educated sceptic. But to-day, watching the idolatry of dictators in totalitarian countries he may well regret the decline in Christianity. To worship a Deity, who may be only an hypothesis, is far less degrading than to worship a man who is certainly a sinner. Fascism and Communism seem to him religious systems at least as difficult to accept as Christianity, and he is either content with an agnosticism like Bertrand Russell's, or, like Aldous Huxley, looks for possibilities of mystical experience outside the Church. One of the great religions of the world, Buddhism, is only doubtfully theistic, and while the jargon of Eastern cults is too frequently meaningless, it is possible to reject the Christian view of God without denying the value of religious experience.

Since religion must affect conduct, it is merely insulting to invite the Church to disinterest itself in politics. Yet the agnostic justly feels aggrieved when churchmen, who are a minority of the population, seek to impose upon him ecclesiastical laws (as in the matter of divorce) which are based on an Authority he does not accept and which, without the gift of Grace, he cannot be expected to observe. The pitiless persecution of Baptists in the U.S.S.R. cannot be justified by any fear of their imposing their laws upon non-believers: it is merely one more discreditable instance of a prevailing religion stamping out a dissident minority. But the attacks upon the Church in Spain are directed against an institution which has almost consistently opposed and frequently persecuted political reformers. If God ordered the autos-da-fé and the judicial murder of Francisco Ferrer, who can wonder if good men should call for war against God.

The authors of this book are, we hope, in one sense unfair—and that is the following:

> There is the implied conviction in the writing of the "intellectuals" that only slightly mental and inefficient sentimentalists and eccentrics, who are probably dishonest, can possibly believe in the existence of God. This is obvious, for example, in every number of *The New Statesman*, a weekly review of recognised authority and interest.

The majority of intellectuals are certainly agnostic, and there are some forms of religious apologetic which they cannot respect. To use the apparently undetermined behaviour of the electron as an argument for the Christian conception of God does seem to us dishonest. To represent Catholicism as a rollicking unpuritanical religion does seem to us insular and mendacious. But for the intellectual and moral honesty of controversialists such as the authors of *The War Against God* we have nothing but respect.

COMMUNISTS IN CHINA

Red Star Over China. By EDGAR SNOW. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

This is a piece of brilliant and unique reporting. Edgar Snow is the first foreigner to have penetrated to the Chinese Soviet regions, to have lived with the Red armies, and to have made a thorough study of every phase of life in Soviet China. A slightly more critical approach and fewer personal histories of leaders might be preferred by some readers, but the book is of absorbing interest. The account of the Long March from Kiangsi to the north-west, covering 6,000 miles—about twice the width of the American continent—across some of the highest mountains and the greatest rivers of Asia, is an epic beside which the march of Xenophon's Ten Thousand pales to insignificance. In parts it reads like some adventure story for boys in which the endurance, courage and resource of this army surpasses anything in legend or imagination. The crossing of the River Tatu alone is an almost unbelievable feat. A bridge of heavy iron chains, from which the boards had been removed by the hostile army on the other side of the river, had to be crossed hand-over-hand by volunteers with hand grenades strapped to their backs, whilst an enemy machine-gun on the other side of the river waited to mow them down. This is only one heroic episode in this amazing march.

> The mean average daily stage covered was nearly 24 miles—a phenomenal pace for a great army and its transport to *average* over some of the most hazardous terrain on earth. Altogether the Reds crossed 18 mountain ranges, 5 of which were perrenially snow-capped, and they crossed 24 rivers. They passed through twelve different provinces, occupied 62 cities, and broke through enveloping armies of 10 different provincial war lords, besides defeating, eluding or out-manoeuvring the various forces of Central Government troops sent against them.

No wonder that the Japanese fear these seasoned troops skilled above all in rapid manoeuvring and guerrilla tactics which require that every individual soldier can be relied upon because he believes passionately in what he is fighting for.

The account of the Sianfu incident last December is one of the most interesting parts of the book. Knowledge of what occurred when Chiang Kai-Shek was held prisoner by his own rebellious troops in the far north-west is essential to an understanding of the reasons for China's unexpected resistance to Japan this year and for an estimate of the likely outcome of the present war. Those British Conservatives who think that a peace can be imposed on China by forcing her through "mediation" to give Japan control of the North, would do well to read this book. It is clear that if Nanking were prepared to make peace on such terms there would be civil war in China, as there would have been last December had it not been for the realistic attitude, the patriotism and political sagacity of Chiang Kai-Shek, the Chinese Communist leaders and the Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. What happened in Sianfu appears to have made the Generalissimo realise two things: first, the strength of the popular determination to cease from civil war and resist Japan and the likelihood that he would be swept from power if he continued the old policy of war on the Communists and concession to Japan; secondly, that he could trust the Communist leaders as being absolutely sincere in their offer of fundamental changes in their policies for the sake of national unity in face of the Japanese menace. The Chinese Communists had for some time been offering to cease propagating

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class war, to stop expropriating the landowners in the districts under their control, and to place the Red Army under the Kuomintang government if the latter would resist Japan. But until Sian Chiang Kai-Shek neither believed them nor trusted them. At Sian the young officers of Chang Hsueh-liang's army were demanding Chiang Kai-Shek's death, and it was as much Communist influence as anything else which saved him. This was proof enough of the latter's sincerity. On the other hand, the fact that when safely back in Nanking Chiang Kai-Shek kept his side of the unwritten and undeclared agreement come to at Sian made it possible for the Red Army leaders to trust him and to give him full support when the war began this summer. In the months following the Sianfu incident the Generalissimo took no revenge on his captors, abolished the "Bandit Suppression Headquarters," started to supply money to the Soviet districts as part of the national defence area, convened the long-delayed People's Congress (which is supposed to inaugurate democracy), started to release political prisoners, promised greater liberty of speech, and made it clear in many ways that resistance to Japan and recovery of the lost territories had become the primary objective of Kuomintang policy.

In the final chapter the author gives a valuable analysis of the past and present policies of the Communists in which the concessions they have made are explained and justified. He holds as a retreat the abandonment of the thesis that "only under the hegemony of the proletariat can the bourgeois democratic movement develop" for the present one that "only a union of all classes" can, by defeating Japan, achieve this purpose. But this is, he believes, only a shift in strategy. The Communists stick to the slogan of anti-imperialism and regard the defeat of Japan as the destruction of one of the most powerful bases of imperialism. Unfortunately it is this very view which is also held by many British Imperialists who conceive of the defeat of Japan in the present war as a greater menace to their interests than the attack on British interests in the Far East by Japan. This is probably one reason for the refusal to apply economic pressure to stop Japanese aggression. Japan is still regarded in some quarters as the defender of the Imperialist privileges of all the Powers against Chinese nationalism which must eventually, if victorious, put an end to the semi-colonial status of China. Snow does not specifically deal with this aspect of the question, but he states that war against Japan, in the Communist view, can only be won "under the most advanced revolutionary leadership." It can be initiated by the bourgeoisie (as has in fact happened), but can only be completed by "the revolutionary workers and peasants." The Communists, that is to say, think that the Chinese Government will submit to Japan when the war reaches the stage when the masses must be armed and guerrilla tactics adopted, for fear of being supplanted by Communist leadership. The lesson which Conservatives in this country might well draw from this book is that the government of Chiang Kai-Shek ought to be assisted before Japanese aggression drives it from power and the Communists assume the leadership in the war of liberation. That is their only hope of preserving their investments and trade from the alternative menaces of a Japanese conquest of China or the revival of Communism in China.

Edgar Snow's final conclusion seems to be that the victory of the liberation movement in China turns on whether or not the U.S.S.R. is drawn in.

> This means that the victory of the revolution in China may hinge on the ability of the U.S.S.R. (at the moment of the highest tension and deepest contradiction in its current position) to make the transition from a programme of Socialism in one country to Socialism in all countries, to world revolution, without undergoing a self-immolative counter-revolution within its present boundaries.

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Mr. Agate's theatrical scholarship is uneven. He knows his actors past and present, but he does not seem to know a great deal about Shakespeare or those dead master dramatists unknown to the London theatrical manager. "*Pas mêmè académicien*" as he would probably put it.

As a judicial force in the London theatre Mr. Agate is not my cup of tea. He is a good and charitable judge of acting, but on the merits of new plays his charity is misdirected. It is agreed that farce, light comedy, melodrama and musical plays should not be condemned because they are not high comedy or tragedy. It is true that the "uncommercial" theatre is often pretentious and unsatisfactory. But after reading a quantity of Mr. Agate's criticism one is left feeling that he is not sufficiently on the side of the angels. He is too much inclined to back winners, and is kinder to producers, authors and players who tell the public what it knows already and give it what it wants than to the experimental serious theatre. He is keen on Coward. Here is his comment on *Red Peppers*: "This is magnificent fooling, in which Mr. Coward's wit, like the sword with which Sergeant Troy bedazzled Bathsheba, seems to be anywhere and everywhere." And he is benevolent to Coward-like drama. In *Mademoiselle*, for instance, he writes: "M. Deval uses his wit as Sergeant Troy used his sword for the bedazzlement of Bathsheba. . . ." He is against Sophocles, condescending to Chekov and Ibsen, and very fierce with anyone who doubts that this is the age of the picture-frame stage. And he gives his own downright moral ideas on the behaviour of "modern" or "high falutin'" stage characters more space than they deserve. *More First Nights* is only a partial survey of production in the London theatres of the last two years, but it is worth reading, if only for the wit—which is comparable to the sword of Sergeant Troy by which Bathsheba was bedazzled.

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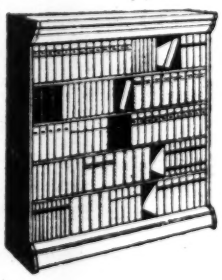

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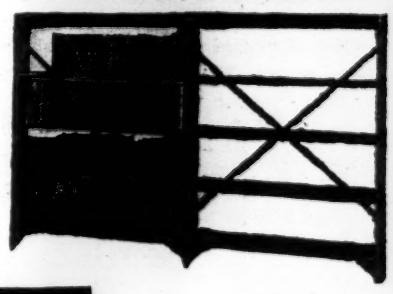

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luncheon of a distinguished lady, a wishbone, the heart of a lettuce and a very small dish of very good grapes. You are disappointed of a bellyful, but the quality is irreproachable. *House Hunting* is a jewel of a story—nine pages and every sentence tells. The house, "Victorian, genteel, low, ivy-clad, cobwebby, but with great possibilities." "Within I could see a harp, some ugly Crown Derby, a little, very faded, furniture, shabby and dirty." "There was a tiny conservatory at one end of the house, and I perceived suddenly that inside it, on a couch, lay motionless the white form of a female, filling the glass-house almost entirely and suggesting a shrouded corpse in a great glass coffin." Thousands of ladies are working at thousands of novels, but how many can be so quickly and quietly evocative? Mrs. Tappit, in another story, we suspect of being a malicious caricature of some reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Whether Mrs. MacCarthy is writing about Christmas or the Brighton Pavilion or a little German forest before the war or the drawings made by Queen Victoria under the tuition of Landseer, she picks just the right details, as if she were choosing coloured wools. But you turn over the page, and that is the End. The more one appreciates her style and sensibility, the sharper one's indignation with her parsimony. Her *Nineteenth Century Childhood* is a book difficult to overpraise. Is there no way of persuading her to give it a successor? In the meanwhile, here is an ideal Christmas Card.

Hardy Bulbs. VOL. I. IRIDACEAE. By LT.-COL. C. H. GREY. Illustrated by CECILY GREY. *Williams and Norgate.* 36*s.*

No schoolboy looks at the catalogue of Gamage or Bassett-Lowke with more envious greed than gardeners at the catalogue of Col. Grey's nursery-garden at Hocker Edge. Here is the first volume of his comprehensive account of Hardy Bulbs, in which he not only describes each species and variety, but gives frequent advice on how to grow these, based on his own experience. About half of this volume, which is devoted to the Iridaceae, is given up to Iris, Gladiolus and Crocus. Col. Grey's surprising success in Kent with many flowers generally supposed to demand a more genial climate will encourage other gardeners in the Home Counties to imitate his enterprise, and he also has many exciting suggestions for those who live in the more smiling districts of the West Coast. "Had I a garden on that coast," he exclaims, "I would grow in it all the flora of Natal and the south-east of the Cape Province and would comb Mexico and the eastern slopes of the Andes. Lapageria would take the place of ivy on my walls, and in my borders would grow Hedichium, Cautleya, Cauna and the lilies of India, Pepol and Burma." The lyrical enthusiasm which breaks out in this passage from Col. Grey's introduction is disciplined throughout the book by a severe erudition, which does not exclude humour. Of a suggestion that a crocus with the elegant name of Haursknechtii should be mated with its beautiful relations he says, "If I wished to win the Cesarewitch I should not select a five-furlong horse from which to breed." The value, both scientific and practical, of the book is enormously increased by some fifty illustrations, many of them in colour, by Mrs. Grey. These have a sensitiveness very rare in botanical drawings, and will excite not only the covetousness of the gardener, but the admiration of the connoisseur of painting. Iris Susiana, for instance, has never been so beautifully represented, and the drawing of Antholyza Intermedia will make everyone who sees it burn to acquire this rare and lovely plant.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 399

Set by Graham Bell

A recent book entitled *The Savage Hits Back* recorded the impression made by the white man on the native peoples whose homes he has made into Empires. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for an account by an Englishman of investigators who have made of his habits a pile of anthropological observation. The account should be imaginative rather than representational, and no libellous matter will (it is hoped) be printed.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 12.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 397

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best seven rules of life to help one of the following: a blackmailer, a puppy, a poet, a debutante, an undertaker, a Member of Parliament. Contributions should not exceed 250 words of prose or 24 lines of verse.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Much good advice and much wit have flowed in to me over the week-end. Few competitors failed to produce at least one golden rule, though the remaining six may have been lead. I give some of the best (excluding prizewinners) under each category.

A BLACKMAILER

Two's company, three's a risk. (N. Nixon.)
Select your victim with the utmost care—
One who has got more cash than chin to spare.
(L. V. Upward.)

Value the strength of convention, for it is the goose that lays the golden eggs. (Old Mother Hubbard.)

A PUPPY

Curiosity killed the cat—but you're no cat.
Likewise, a cat may look at a king—but you're no king. (Hilda.)
Mind your p's and q's. (E. L.)

A POET

Be born (not made).
Drink the milk of Paradise.
Lisp in numbers. (Little Billee.)

Select as your mother a lady with a rich maiden aunt intensely fond of poetry. Study carefully the favourite poet or poets of your mother's rich maiden aunt. (Jas. J. Nevin.)

A DEBUTANTE

Protected by Chanel and Worth
Be kind to those of humbler birth;
And, mindful of their higher needs,
Send them the *Tatlers* no one reads. (Frank Adams).

Virtue may not be a necessity, but it is still a virtue. So be virtuous. (H. C. Riddell.)

Cultivate *original* hobbies, such as church-going, pedal-cycling, and so on. (Leslie Nicholls.)

Strive not for brilliance: all their wit
Shall nothing weigh against your It. (William Bliss.)

Exhibition of Political Cartoons

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In this book of reminiscences Dr. Ballard gives an account of his experiences as a schoolmaster, an inspector, an examiner, a lecturer, and a writer. He has known many interesting people, some of whom he has described in his book, not because they are famous but because they are interesting. 8/6 *net*

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Do you remember this one?

Speaking as a total abstainer, Lady Montgomery-Massingberd said it would help a great deal if people who did not care for alcoholic drink would "take the pledge."

"Those of you who go to sherry parties and cocktail parties," she added, "finish what is in your glasses. Do not let it go away to be drunk in the pantry by somebody who, perhaps, has not taken it before, or has not acquired the taste."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

400 **"THIS ENGLAND"** paragraphs, with sixteen Illustrations and Cover by **LOW**, just published, at all Stalls and Newsagents, 80 pages, **ONE SHILLING.**

See page 761 of this issue.

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AN UNDERTAKER

To walk delicately among the bereaved.
To welcome fresh orders with, as it were, a defeated joy.
No busman's holidays. (Joan Jukes.)
To measure your man. (Trio.)

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

It's no use kissing babies after the election is over.
If you are sitting on the fence, keep an ear close to the ground.
Talk of the war, but do not go to it.—Spanish Proverb. (Arnold Hyde.)
Never promise anything.
Never refuse anyone anything.
Neither preach nor lecture in the House; keep that for the Home. (Sir Robert Witt.)

Some of these are individually better than the prizewinners'. No one romped home. Mr. A. K. Milne, working an old tune, was exceedingly slick—First Prize. Second to Black Dog (address please).

FIRST PRIZE
A POLITICIAN

If you can boast of "Government successes,"
While, all about you, starve the unemployed;
If you'll exploit our dear little Princesses,
("A revolution, and they'd be destroyed!");
If you can silence hecklers with statistics
Which are irrelevant, and faked at that;
If you can suavely jeer at "Bolshevistics,"
And still be ignorant of what they're at;
If you will promise peace, and then remember
To boost the League (the Navy League, of course);
If you can use the eleventh of November
As propaganda for the flying force;
If you can get the women to adore you
By judging baby shows and taking tea;
You'll have a fine career, my son, before you—
In fact, you'll be a Government M.P. A. K. MILNE

SECOND PRIZE
A BLACKMAILER

Blackmailing seemed to Uncle Jim
The work by heaven cut out for him;
And time has lent this view such weight,
He almost feels it safe to state,
In confidence, the rules of life
That brought him comforts, car and wife.

The man (he says) who "puts the black,"
In pious works is never slack;

Though bound to cause his victims pain,
He does not cut and come again;

When funds allow, he lives at peace
With all the world—and the police;

Kindness to children masks his plan
Of inhumanity to man;

To be discreet—*ça va sans dire:*
He never *writes* a threat: no fear!

And caution keeps his actions sane:
(All interviews on Salisbury Plain);

Thus, using well his eyes and ears,
He waxes richer through the years.

These several maxims, good but grim,
Are commonplaces now to Jim;
And one day he may write a book
To see, in print, just how they look.

BLACK DOG

Helping the Helpless

The task of the National Children's Home is to help boys and girls who have no one else to care for them. All are in the Home because they were in desperate need. Every day brings poignant appeals to save little ones in distress. Your gift will help us to give them the chance which misfortune has denied. Please send it today

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CVS—33

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 253.—AN ADVENTURE IN ALGEBRAICA

"When I was in Algebraica" (said the notorious liar Legstretcher) "I visited a table land where there is a curious formation of basalt rocks. These are known, to the local wiseacres, as the Pillars of the Twenty-eight Years' Feast. The place is the alleged scene of a dispute which took place long, long ago when a party of knights was sitting down to dinner.

"The dispute arose over a somewhat familiar problem: the number of ways in which it would be possible for the party to reseat itself, so that no knight occupied his original place. Eventually they came to blows, since no two of them put forward the same solution; and the local magician, suddenly appearing from a cleft in the rocks, ordered them, as a punishment for their unknightly conduct, to solve the problem empirically.

"They forthwith proceeded to do so, trying out new ways of seating themselves—no knight being in his original place—at the rate of one a minute. To their horror and amazement their experiment, which continued at this rate without pause, went on for nearly twenty-eight years. I cannot tell you how the knights contrived to dispense with food and sleep; but funny things happen in Algebraica."

How many knights took part in the dispute?

PROBLEM 251.—THE CHARABANC OUTING

The total distance covered is 116 miles.

There is no other answer to this problem, which a surprisingly large number of solvers have got wrong. By Apollonius's theorem, plus trial it is soon discovered that the other two sides of the triangle—"Here," Apeland's Castle, Cokernut—are respectively 26 miles and 38 miles. But if "here" to the Cokernut is 38 miles the total distance will be 128 miles, which is specifically excluded. Hence it is 26 miles from "here" to the Cokernut, and 38 miles from the Cokernut to Apeland's Castle. Now applying Apollonius's theorem again, we find that the other two sides of the triangle Cokernut, Apeland's Castle, Darwin's Lodge are respectively 22 miles and 24 miles.

The solution 108 miles (submitted by a number of solvers) is inadmissible. In this solution, Darwin's Lodge is on the straight line joining Apeland's Castle and the Cokernut. But Chimpface states that he travels along *four* roads.

Note.—H. W. S. The above is the "orthodox" solution. But I wish we had space to reproduce your charming illustrations.

PROBLEM 250.—THE SPINNAKER CLUB REGATTA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Prebendary B. F. Relton, The Vicarage, Bromley, Kent.

Six points are awarded.

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Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

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1914 **1918**

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We will remember them."

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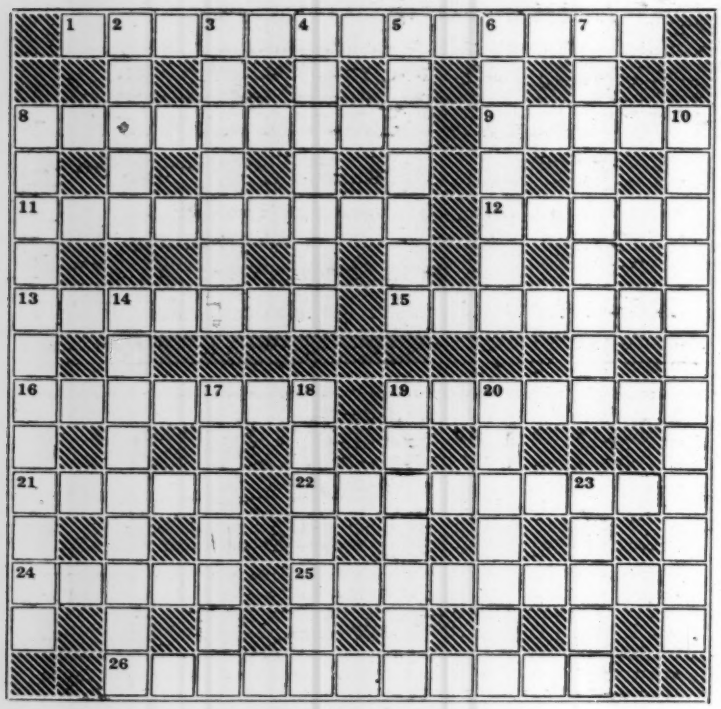
DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 775 of this issue.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 400

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss E. Webster, 58, Forfar Road, Dundee.

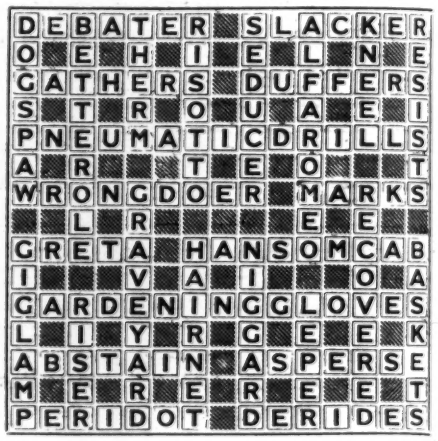
ACROSS

1. Wrappings for the sweets. (13)
8. Suggests Monday's line of homework. (9)
9. It's fine for seeds, so gardeners say. (5)
11. Nourishing food —for monkeys? (9)
12. "I am more an antique — than a Dane." (5)
13. Self accusations. (7)
15. A Hampshire barb for the angler? (7)
16. Even a new overcoat is meant to be. (7)
19. Maker of 13. (7)
21. The sort of note that's textual, as it were, instead of marginal. (5)
22. This is not a nickname for an aged white-haired linen manufacturer. (9)
24. Of course it heats one. (5)
25. Absent from a sporting meeting, and no clue at all. (9)
26. This material also makes a sweet wrap. (11)

DOWN

2. The superior clique in a turmoil. (5)
3. Establishments in the Milky Way. (7)
4. Chunks off the Gold Coast? (7)
5. Product of the coal pit. (7)
6. Not an indoor bit of rockery. (7)
7. They should be nailed on to the fingers. (9)
8. One turns the scale with it of course in cold weather. (12)
10. Its work is a bit of a blow. (12)
14. Trials of sharper players? (9)
17. How street traders always do their business. (7)
18. 2 the counter. (7)
19. Poetical pointing. (7)
20. Not a blow given in heat. (7)
23. Robin suggests a challenge to a schoolboy. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


DEBATER SLACKER
O E H I E L N E
GATHERS DUFFERS
S T R O U A E I
PNEUMATICDRILLS
A R T E O T
WRONGDOER MARKS
L R E E
GRETA HANSOMCAB
I V A I O A
GARDENINGGLOVES
L I Y R G E E K
ABSTAIN ASPERSE
M E R E R E E T
PERIDOT DERIDES

To the man with a sense of balance

We warn you — your first pipeful of this tobacco is *not* going to be a thrill. WILLS'S Cut Golden Bar has *no* super-subtle flavour. In fact, you may even decide that there is nothing very remarkable about it. In a way, you'll be right if you do. For this tobacco is purposely blended so as to avoid striking characteristics. In both flavour and aroma, we have aimed at getting a perfectly natural balance. It is, indeed, this very absence of "mannerisms" that has made it so amazingly popular — as the regular smoker's regular 1/- tobacco. *You can get it in the Original form or Ready Rubbed.*

W. D. & H. O. Wills.

WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CB91B

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes and No. Tues. & Fri.

CAMBRIDGE. It's You I Want. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. The Last Straw. Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PHOENIX. Goodbye to Yesterday. Wed., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thurs. & Sat.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Yahoo. Wed. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 410 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
YES AND NO
by Kenneth Horne.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056). Sat. at 8.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
IT'S YOU I WANT
A Farce, by Maurice Braddell.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE LAST STRAW
by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham.
LUCIE MANNHEIM. MARIUS GORING.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2 (Tem. 8243).
8.30. Wed.. Sat. and Boxing Day, 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
LAST WEEK.
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, VIOLA LYEL.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK."**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

MERCURY. Park 5700. 8.30. (Exp. Mon.), Sat., 2.30.
HOUSE OF ASSIGNATION
Three Acts in Prose by Ashley Dukes. Directed by Dennis Arundell, designed after Goya by Roger Furse, Alexis France, D. A. Clarke-Smith, Derek Williams.

NEW. Tem. 3878. EVGS., 8.15 sharp.
MATS., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30 sharp.
BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.
By DODIE SMITH.

PHOENIX. (Tem. 8611). 8.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER and PHILIP MERIVALE in
GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 650 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEENS. (Ger. 4517.) 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD in
RICHARD II.
by William Shakespeare.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs., 8.30. Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.
The Famous Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283). 6/- to 2/6, bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
(For 2 weeks only.) **YAHOO**
A Fantastic Commentary on Jonathan Swift.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30 p.m.
Whiteoaks. By Mazo de la Roche.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
They Knew What They Wanted.
By Sidney Howard.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30.
Between Friends. By Archie Menzies and J. W. S. Clare.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
SACHA GUITRY in
his brilliant new comedy experiment
"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (A).
"... Delightful insolence ..."—*Evening Standard.*

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 8th NOVEMBER, for SEVEN DAYS.
A PROGRAMME OF
FILMS ABOUT PEACE
comprising
NIEMANSLAND (WAR IS HELL) (A).
THUNDER IN THE AIR (Vernon Bartlett) (U).
SHANGHAI BOMBING.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB
88th ANNUAL EXHIBITION
SUFFOLK STREET GALLERIES, 6½ Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. Daily 10–5, Sats. included. 1s.

NATHAN VANDERLYN
AQUARELLES
(Nov. 4th until Nov. 17th)
BROOK STREET GALLERY
14 Brook Street, W.1.

EPSTEIN'S "CONSUMMATUM EST" and other new works in Sculpture, also Paintings by GUILLAUMIN (1841–1927). LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6 daily.

RUSSIAN toys, handcrafts and books exhibition. November 8th–30th, at Educational Playthings, 151 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3 (opp. Belsize Park tube).

DANCE

GRAND DANCE to help the "HOLBORN OUTLOOK," the Left-wing paper. SUFFOLK GALLERIES, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, Saturday, November 13th. CABARET, RUSSIAN BUFFET, BAR. Tickets, 2s. 6d., from 24 John Street, W.C.1, and Collet's Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

CONCERT

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF TWO NEW CHORAL WORKS
"The Song of Liberty" (Blake) ... Michael Tippet
"A Man's a Man for a' That" (Burns)... Jeffrey Mark
And other items by the Orchestra.
For the benefit of the Morley College Professional Orchestra.
Sunday, November 7th, at 8 p.m.
At Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.
Buses: 53, 153, 121. Trains: Lambeth Station.
Entrance FREE.

DRAMA

THE CHELMSFORD DIOCESAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA GUILD (Hornchurch Group)
FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCES OF
"SEED OF ADAM"
by Charles Williams,
author of "Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury,"
a modern mystery play on the Incarnation,
on
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, at 8.30 p.m.
supported by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, at 3 p.m. & 8.30 p.m.
supported by the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Chichester and R. Ellis Roberts.
T. S. Eliot's opinion.
"The first piece of evidence I have seen of the great possibilities of the *modern* mystery play, by a writer of exceptional and lonely gifts."
AT RUDOLF STEINER HALL, Clarence Gate, N.W.1
(3 mins. walk from Baker St. Station).
TICKETS: 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Unreserved, 2s. 6d., and a few at 1s. 6d., from the Hall (Padd. 8219), or from Miss P. M. POTTER, the Hon. Director, Great Waltham, Chelmsford, by whom the play is produced; and all agents.

PERSONAL

FOREIGN student requires accommodation as *sole* paying guest, partial board, in English family. *No boarding hous s.* Write REEDY, 37 Tanza Road, N.W.3.

YOUNG man has rooms for others in large garden flat, N.W.3. (furn. or unfurn.), meals and service, very reasonable. PRI 0758.

A MONTILLADO, Waterloo 1815, not replaceable. Johann Sebastian Bach 1685, is repeatable. Inbibe the cheapest of the two by the hour, and while you're about it absorb everything about Music. Listen—gramophone (scores). Play—piano, violin. Learn—to sing. Grammar, Theory, Form and History of Music. 5s. for one hour, 25s. for six. Write Box 194, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MAN (29) seeks another as companion, cheap holiday last fortnight November. Box 197, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG business woman requires accommodation as paying guest, partial board, with congenial family living within 20 minutes West End. Moderate terms. Box 192, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DON'T miss Boyle's cartoons in the November issue of *Plebs*, Labour's liveliest magazine; 3d., post free 4d., or 4s. per year. N.C.L.C., 15 South Hill Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

JOHN McCALLUM Horoscopes accurately cast and individually interpreted. One guinea. Mention special problems. 154a High Street, Guildford. ('Phone: 908 Guildford.)

CONTACTS, a different correspondence club for the unconventional, connects you with unusual members everywhere. Many British members. Now reorganised and enlarged. Box 91 Station D, New York City.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN AND WOMEN can be free from loss by any sickness or accident. They are specially provided for by a leading Company which offers far higher benefits than are usually obtainable. Existing policyholders should compare. MUNROE CLARK, Insurance Broker, 18 Marlborough Avenue, Hull. No one will call on you.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

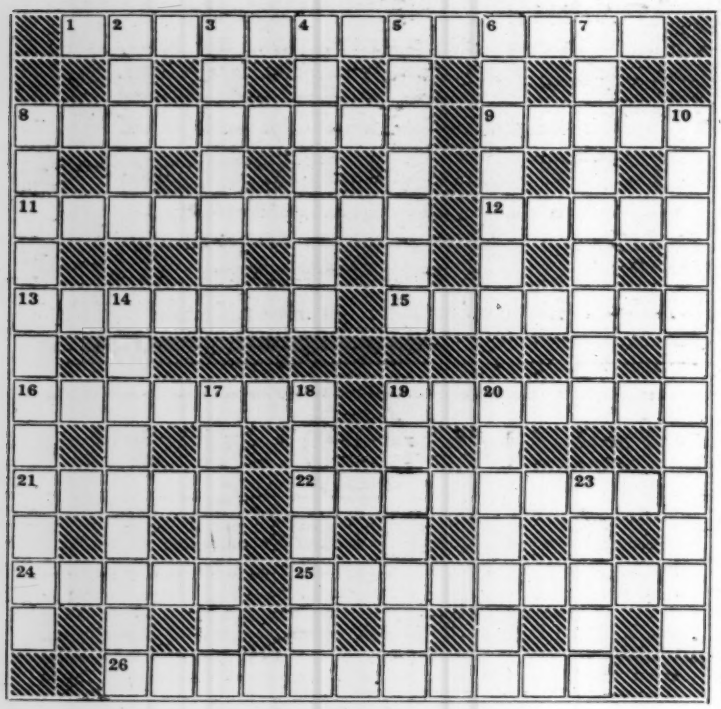
YOU dislike my advertisements? You may still like my photographs. Ring WEL 4950 and discover at 5 Padddington Street. ANTHONY PANTING.

CHARGES FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Single insertions - 1s. 6d. per line per insertion
Three " - 1s. 5d. " " " "
Thirteen " - 1s. 4d. " " " "
Twenty-six " - 1s. 3d. " " " "
Fifty-two " - 1s. 2d. " " " "
Minimum TWO lines. A line averages SEVEN words.
Copy NOT LATER than first post WEDNESDAY.
Box Numbers count as one line extra.
HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS: for an introductory series under this heading particulars of special rates on request
The Advertisement Manager
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 400

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss E. Webster, 58, Forfar Road, Dundee.

ACROSS

1. Wrappings for the sweets. (13)
8. Suggests Monday's line of homework. (9)
9. It's fine for seeds, so gardeners say. (5)
11. Nourishing food —for monkeys? (9)
12. "I am more an antique — than a Dane." (5)
13. Self accusations. (7)
15. A Hampshire barb for the angler? (7)
16. Even a new overcoat is meant to be. (7)
19. Maker of 13. (7)
21. The sort of note that's textual, as it were, instead of marginal. (5)
22. This is not a nickname for an aged white-haired linen manufacturer. (9)
24. Of course it heats one. (5)
25. Absent from a sporting meeting, and no clue at all. (9)
26. This material also makes a sweet wrap. (11)

DOWN

2. The superior clique in a turmoil. (5)
3. Establishments in the Milky Way. (7)
4. Chunks off the Gold Coast? (7)
5. Product of the coal pit. (7)
6. Not an indoor bit of rockery. (7)
7. They should be nailed on to the fingers. (9)
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D	E	B	A	T	E	R	■	S	L	A	C	K	E	R
O	■	E	■	H	■	I	■	E	■	L	■	N	■	E
G	A	T	H	E	R	S	■	D	U	F	F	E	R	S
S	■	T	■	R	■	O	■	U	■	A	■	E	■	I
P	N	E	U	M	A	T	I	C	D	R	I	L	L	S
A	■	R	■	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	T	
W	R	O	N	G	D	O	E	R	■	M	A	R	K	S
■	■	L	■	R	■	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	■	
G	R	E	T	A	■	H	A	N	S	O	M	C	A	B
I	■	■	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	■	O	■	A	
G	A	R	D	E	N	I	N	G	G	L	O	V	E	S
L	■	I	■	Y	■	R	■	G	■	E	■	E	■	K
A	B	S	T	A	I	N	■	A	S	P	E	R	S	E
M	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	T
P	E	R	I	D	O	T	■	D	E	R	I	D	E	S

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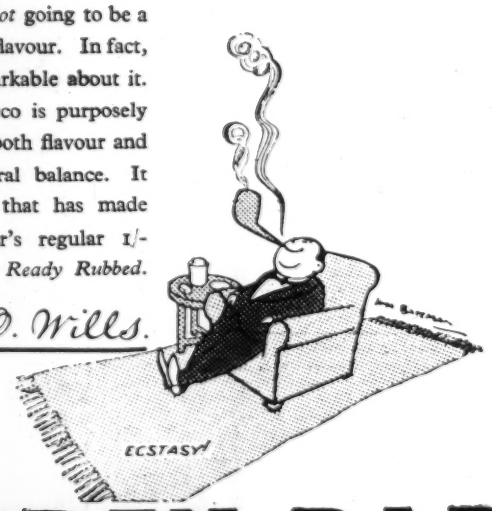

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14 Brook Street, W.1.

EPSTEIN'S "CONSUMMATUM EST" and other new works in Sculpture, also Paintings by GUILLAUMIN (1841–1927). LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6 daily.

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DANCE

GRAND DANCE to help the "HOLBORN OUTLOOK," the Left-wing paper. SUFFOLK GALLERIES, Suffolk Street, Haymarket, Saturday, November 13th. CABARET, RUSSIAN BUFFET, BAR. Tickets, 2s. 6d., from 24 John Street, W.C.1, and Collet's Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

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"The Song of Liberty" (Blake) ... Michael Tippet
"A Man's a Man for a' That" (Burns)... Jeffrey Mark
And other items by the Orchestra.
For the benefit of the Morley College Professional Orchestra.
Sunday, November 7th, at 8 p.m.
At Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.
Buses: 53, 153, 121. Trains: Lambeth Station.
Entrance FREE.

DRAMA

THE CHELMSFORD DIOCESAN RELIGIOUS DRAMA GUILD (Hornchurch Group)
FIRST LONDON PERFORMANCES OF
"SEED OF ADAM"
by Charles Williams,
author of "Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury,"
a modern mystery play on the Incarnation,
on
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, at 8.30 p.m.
supported by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, at 3 p.m. & 8.30 p.m.
supported by the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Chichester and R. Ellis Roberts.
T. S. Eliot's opinion.
"The first piece of evidence I have seen of the great possibilities of the *modern* mystery play, by a writer of exceptional and lonely gifts."
AT RUDOLF STEINER HALL, Clarence Gate, N.W.1
(3 mins. walk from Baker St. Station).
TICKETS: 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Unreserved, 2s. 6d., and a few at 1s. 6d., from the Hall (Padd. 8219), or from Miss P. M. POTTER, the Hon. Director, Great Waltham, Chelmsford, by whom the play is produced; and all agents.

PERSONAL

FOREIGN student requires accommodation as *sole* paying guest, partial board, in English family. *No boarding houses.* Write REEDY, 37 Tanza Road, N.W.3.

YOUNG man has rooms for others in large garden flat, N.W.3. (furn. or unfurn.), meals and service, very reasonable. PRI 0758.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

GILT-EDGED AND INTEREST RATES—LONDON TRANSPORT—PROPERTY INVESTMENT RISKS

WHILE Wall Street slumps, while all the speculative shares on the London Stock Exchange shrink horribly in size, the gilt-edged market gathers strength. In fact, it almost booms. This may, at first sight, seem natural, for many nervous investors, taking fright at the slump in equity shares, have bought short-to-medium-dated gilt-edged stocks as a "safety-first" measure, while many business corporations have put surplus cash into Government stocks instead of into new plant. Yet, on second thoughts, the strength of long-dated stocks may be deemed unnatural. The risk factor, as expressed in international politics, has undoubtedly increased; yet it is not allowed for in any increase in the rate of interest. The rise of about ½ per cent. in the yield on British Government stocks this year is explainable on commercial grounds—the greater demand for bank loans from industrial interests. There has been no rise directly attributable to Hitler and Mussolini. Moreover, the risk factor at home has increased—as expressed in terms of budget balancing. Even if the current budget can be balanced (which is doubtful) without recourse to borrowing more than £80,000,000 in the year, there is the possibility that the armament expenditures will have to be increased and that future budgets will be seriously unbalanced. If this country runs into a depression on the completion of its rearmament programme, something like Snowden's panic may return to the gilt-edged market. But this contingency is not being considered by buyers at to-day's prices. Here are some current yields:

	1937. High.	1937. Low.	Present Price.	Flat Yield %.	Redemption Yield %.
2½% Consols	84 13/16	73⅛	75⅛	£3 6 9	—
3% Locals	96⅞	84 5/16	87	£3 9 0	—
3½% War Loan (1952 or after)	105 13/16	99⅝	101 1/16 x.d.	£3 9 0	£3 7 3
3% Funding, 1959–69	101⅝	92⅞	96½	£3 2 3	£3 4 3
2½% National Defence, 1944–48	99⅝	95¾	97¼	£2 11 3	£2 18 3

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Head Office: 1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

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LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2, and
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.

BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

Some investors at to-day's prices may prefer industrial equities yielding from 5 to 6 per cent. According to Moody's Economist Services the ratio between the yield on 2½ per cent. Consols and the yield on a selected group of first-class industrial ordinary shares averaged a little over 76 per cent. over a period of years. If this ratio can be taken as a guide, the yield on the following industrial equity shares appears high relatively to the yield on gilt-edged.

	1937. High.	1937. Low.	Present Price.	Est. Div. %.	Gross Yield %.
Associated Portland Cement, £1	5½	3¾	4⅜	22½	£5 2 9
John Brown, 10/- ..	44/1½	30/-	32/6	15 net	£6 3 0
Radiation, £1	67/6	55/-	60/-	15	£5 0 0
Shell Transport, £1 ..	6 5/32	4 9/16	5 1/32	20 net	£5 6 0
Southern Railway Pref. Ord.	98⅝	86¾	87½	5	£5 14 3

If the gilt-edged market is to maintain its rise, investors must eventually be attracted by the yields on these equity shares, unless, of course, something develops in the domestic trade situation to suggest that their dividends are likely to be reduced.

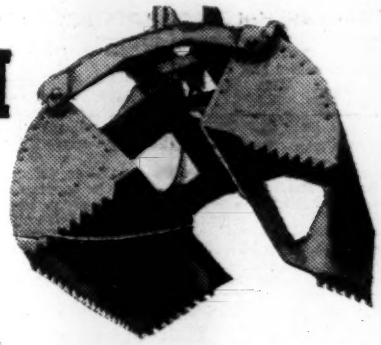
* * *

The market had not looked this year for more than 4 per cent. at most on London Transport "C" stock, and the declaration of 4¼ per cent. resulted in a rise from £75¼ to £79½ in the stock's current quotation. Nevertheless, a week-end's study of the commendably detailed report issued by the Board leaves me doubtful of the merits of the "C" stock as a long-term investment. Certainly the chances of the 5½ per cent. "standard" dividend being paid seem fairly remote. Reserve allocations have been increased from £2,300,000 to £2,400,000; but, if the efficiency of buses and rolling stock is to be maintained, there does not seem to be much scope for saving on this item. Despite the bus strike, whose immediate financial effects were less serious than its lasting encouraging of the walking habit over short distances, last year's net revenue was nearly £100,000 up; but hopes of any great further expansion of net income appear to me to rest on insecure foundations. The report brings out clearly the uneconomic influence of a high peak load of traffic—50 per cent. moves during four hours of the day—and the Board is highly vulnerable to increased labour costs. Moreover, I have yet to be convinced that an ex-dictator, assisted by a number of directorial colleagues whom he has to consult, makes for maximum adaptability or efficiency of management. If a 5½ per cent. dividend is not paid once in three years the "C" stockholders have the right to apply for the appointment of a receiver. What advantage they would gain by the exercise of that right I cannot precisely see.

* * *

A Bill to circumscribe the activities of share-pushers figures in the programme for the new Parliamentary session. I hope that it will be found possible to extend its scope to cover the operations of the property investment societies registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts. During the past two years many millions of small savings have been invested in debentures and bonds issued by these concerns and advertised as combining the attractions of complete security with high interest. The validity of the first of these claims appears questionable in view of the fact that during the past month two societies have had to go into liquidation and a receiver has been appointed for a third. That some of the societies are reputable and well-managed concerns may well be the case. The trouble is that the Provident Societies Acts, whose application to this type of enterprise was never intended, afford so many loopholes for the unscrupulous that it is difficult to distinguish the sheep from the goats. A short Act is urgently needed compelling all societies to publish a statement giving such information as is required by the Companies Acts (including notably the interest of directors in any contracts concluded by the society). In addition, the Registrar should be given much more extensive powers of investigation and the issue of any "literature" offering debentures or shares for sale should be subject to his approval. Above all it should be incumbent on all societies to make it much plainer to investors than is the rule at present that the properties on whose security debentures are issued are in the great majority of cases subject to prior mortgages. In other words, the public is really buying not, as it fondly imagines, a first charge on bricks and mortar, but a high-geared equity whose risks, in the event of even a moderate fall in rental values, are fully proportionate to the high yields promised.

TEETH *that* BITE



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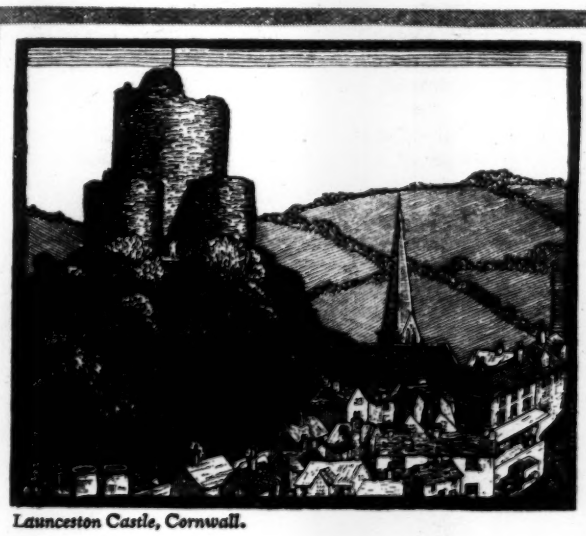

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